

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## ANTHONY'S FORTUNE.

### CHAPTER XI.

THERE is no storm so violent that does not sweep in its passage across a shelter which remains calm and untroubled, no torrent, however headlong, without its backwaters, no march of progress that has not left behind relics of uselessness to stagnate and to rot. In an always busy locality the drays and lorries pounded over the uneven streets, the narrow pavements rattled between endless feet, the stretch of river was never without barge or tug or ship, nor the air unstirred by the multitudinous hum of traffic; but Rosebank Wharf remained remote, unchanging in its forgotten isolation. Nothing was ever warped at its crazy jetty, or squatted near upon the mud, waiting, with a full cargo, for the tide to rise; rarely did a strange figure find its way under the archway, for Scripture Soffit's callers were very few and far between; none unconnected with the place ventured among the rubbish and relics of ancient activity. It had fallen behind the times; and thus it awaited the moment when it should be swept away into oblivion like all things which, not having the power to ornament, stubbornly reject the alternative of utility. That time, however, was not yet. Scripture Soffit still reigned dreamy and serene in his squalid domain. His talents as tallyman had not been called into requisition for long; he had almost

forgotten when he had last acted as such, and helped to fill the pot with more succulent ingredients. Anthony now attended to that; and he ceased to think about it, even in his most practical moments. There was Anthony near him, to take the reins now that he grew old; he had his old tattered volumes with their unfailing spring of noble thoughts and purple phrasing. Thus the mouldering wharf suited him very well. The cottage and its breathless restriction of space,—he had never known and never wanted better; it was his home. The empty, frowning warehouse kept from him the noise and rough contact of the street. The yard itself,—why, he thought nothing of loveliness outside a printed page; he had grown careless of its obstructions, accustomed to them, till he could avoid mounds of rubbish and fragments of rusty iron blindfold. Perched contentedly, as if it were his accustomed seat, upon the extremity of an ugly baulk of timber that pushed its length partly over the slime and ooze, he struggled with a leaf of tough Latin prose; but it tripped him up so consistently that he paused for a rest at nearly every sentence and blinked across to his companions.

They were two, Agatha and Snidgery. The latter had procured a discarded sack from some corner, and, throned thereupon, regarded humanity with the luxurious expansiveness

of a man whose day's work is over. He took a briar-root pipe from between his lips as Scripture resumed his laborious perusal. It was a pipe of gigantic proportions, and purchased for that very reason, as Mr. Snidgery found a small pipe necessitated the wasteful expenditure of a fresh lucifer match each time it was refilled.

"Getting tired, Scripture?" he asked with a grin.

"No, Josh, no," rejoined Scripture, folding up the leaf and stowing it away in his pocket; "it's slow work, Josh, and wants going through a bit at a time, so as to soak in like, that's all."

"Ah—h—h," said Snidgery, blowing a volume of smoke slowly through his nose. "You're a littery family, that's what *you* are. Look at her; she's at the same game." He indicated Agatha with a hitch of his uncombed head.

She looked up from her place between them. "What's that about me?" she asked sharply.

"Ain't that a book you're reading of?"

"Of course it is."

"So I was saying," observed Snidgery. "You will be as bad as the old man if you don't leave off sharp; and such a one as him I never yet come across. What's the subject, now? Aristocratic 'orrors, I'll lay."

Agatha laughed harshly and bent over her book.

"Ain't it, then?"

"I am studying the part of Desdemona—nothing you have ever heard of."

"Think not?" retorted Snidgery with the calm scorn of the wrongfully disparaged bent on triumphant vindication. "Desdemonia, eh? She's in a play, and I can tell you the name of that play; 'Amlet. Now then!"

"Othello, you mean," said Scrip-

ture, shading his eyes with his hand to gaze at Agatha, who seemed to have forgotten their existence. "Yes, quite right, Josh: Othello, a theme worth study, let alone its grand setting; an impeachment of unreasoning passion such as was never wrote before and never will be again."

"Well, I don't worry about it," said Snidgery cheerfully. "So long as you are satisfied to amuse yourselves with them—"

"How can we be satisfied, or amused, or anything else while you are here clattering on like a pair of clogs in a brick kitchen?" interrupted Agatha, turning upon him in one of her sudden bursts of anger. "I am going to start my career again soon—soon—soon, do you hear? And this is to be my great part, the character I have never had an opportunity of portraying yet,—the character which shall show the world what it has lost in permitting me to be kept in the background by jealous nonentities. How can I study, you beast, with your voice dinning in my ears! What do you come for—nobody wants you!"

"Aggie, Aggie, my pretty!" implored her father.

"Leave me alone," she screamed, checking him with a violent motion of her hand as he would have drawn near timorously to soothe her. "Leave me alone, you old dolt! You encourage him—you—"

"No he don't," interposed Snidgery, feeling his whisker and contemplating her coolly. "Don't you make no mistake, Aggie. I am a lonely, miserable creature, what's fond of ladies' society, and comes to find it. That's why I'm here."

She darted a dark look at him that would have checked a more sensitive man for fear of himself,—or for her; but it passed, and she grasped at her throat as if she were choking. When

her hand dropped, she was dull and brooding again, seeming to see nothing, not even the book she had flung down in the energy of her rage.

"Josh, you should not; it is too bad of you; really now, it is. Why should you go to tease her?"

"Me go to tease her!" protested Snidgery. "Get along! what have I done?"

"You ought to know better," said Scripture, his eyelids fluttering uneasily. "You've been behaving cowardly, Josh. 'There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face,' as the poet says, but I have looked you in the face since boyhood and never once found a sign to warn me that you would be my daughter's enemy. Don't show it now, Josh; remember that dealing with men and dealing with women is two different things."

"All right, Scripture," returned Snidgery, touched by this appeal more than he showed; "I meant nothing. Let's chuck the subject and make up. We are friends again, Aggie, ain't we?"

Agatha took no notice of him. She was gazing at the mud at her feet with her knuckles doubled under her chin. Snidgery repeated his overture of reconciliation, but he met with no response.

"Aggie, my dear," urged her father, "don't be down-hearted. Cheer up and look about you; we are only the fly on fortune's wheel. Look about you, dearie, and in time you will find yourself at the top."

"I do look—forward," she answered without moving. "It is black."

"The same here," chimed in Snidgery, accepting her perfectly literally. "And a good enough reason too; it'll soon be sundown. Though the nights are warm for the time of year," he

added, "say what you like; and I don't believe a flea—which by nature loves warmth—could come to 'arm out o' doors now. I like being in the open myself: a country life would just have suited me; and yet it's a rum sort of idea, come to think of it. Except on business, I've never gone more than ten mile from the Abbey, but there's been times when I thought I should have made a rare farmer; a practical farmer, mind you, and turned money out of it. My old father—he never went more'n four mile from the Abbey, not even on business—had the same feeling to a surprising extent; why, his craving for country life carried him so far that he even kept half a dozen fowls under a meatsafe on the roof. Wonderful amount of noise and dirt and unpleasantness with the neighbours they kicked up too, until the rent-collector had 'em cleared out. They wasn't a profitable investment, neither, by any means, for they eat enough for a regiment and never laid so much as a hegg between 'em. Perhaps my father, not being so practical as he was inthusiastic, so to speak, got swindled into buying a flock of cocks. I couldn't tell the difference, and I don't believe he could; but it's acted as a warning to me, and I've stuck to such things as I understand."

"Ah, there is a poetry in the very atmosphere of the country such as the like of us can't get to the bottom of," said Scripture rather wistfully. "We will never gather it by snatches, Josh; you must be born in it, and it in you; my reading tells me that. The two grandest strings of the poet's lyre are the love of woman and the love of Nature; and Nature is the greatest as she is the purest mistress."

"Well, this scene is poetic enough for me at all events," replied Snidgery. "Look at that bridge, and the dirty old river for ever going on,

and the mud, and the wharves for cement and forage and bricks and suchlike; what more could you want, eh, Anthony?"

Anthony, slowly approaching over the uneven path from the little house, stopped by his wife's side. "What more do I want?" he asked.

"Than the outlook from here; ain't it poetic?"

"Yes," said Anthony drily. He bent over Agatha until he could see her face, and she petulantly turned from him. He straightened himself to address Scripture Soffit. "Won't you take Mr. Snidgery inside to smoke? It is more comfortable for you both, now that the mist is rising."

"Of course, Anthony," said Scripture briskly. "You don't forget my old bones, though I do. Come on, Josh."

"Here's a lively way of treating an indulgent master," grumbled Snidgery, making ready to follow him however, "ordering him about like a dog! 'Tisn't many that would stand it, I give you my word."

They went away together, and when the house had hushed Snidgery's growling remonstrance and hidden the other's quaint figure, Anthony sat himself down close to the crouching woman.

"Agatha," he said, "you are tormenting yourself again. What is the new trouble? Tell me frankly, and let us talk it over together; the worst heartburn is eased with counsel."

"There is nothing to tell."

A creaking rowing-boat, of shapeless bluntness and with a sinister object under a sheet of canvas in its round stern, sneaked by through the shallows. The solitary rower scowled at them suspiciously and hastened his strokes. Anthony waited until he was gone beyond earshot before speaking again. "That is not frank, Aggie."

"No, it is not," she replied, abruptly facing him. "That brute stopped me working; my brain is never still, it must be concerned with something; I fell to thinking of you."

"Yes? Kind thoughts, Aggie?"

His joyless attempt at gaiety evoked no response. He began stroking her great masses of faded hair; it was an action that pleased her generally, but she shook his hand off. "No; bitter thoughts," she said.

"And why? You are unjust; if motives are never to be taken into account, the world would ring with condemnation."

"Motives!" she retorted. "What are they? I want results—accomplishment—sympathy—assistance—anything but empty aspirations. You keep me mewed up here like a rat in a cage: I can put up with that for a time, because when it suits me I shall break free without asking your consent; but meanwhile there is no effort made to improve my condition; that is what I rightfully complain of. Stick all day working with a filthy old usurer who has no more soul than that log!" She struck the pile her father had been sitting upon passionately. "You are content with that, and this!" flinging out her two arms dramatically toward the house. "Drag yourself down, if you like; but you drag me down too with your slavish content!"

"Content! my God!" said Anthony below his breath.

She went on without heeding him. "Look at me, mouldering here until I am growing old and ugly, while others are taking my place! What do you care—what steps do you take to help me—or even to cut yourself adrift—"

"That is enough, Agatha," interrupted Anthony in the tone that seldom failed to subdue her. "You



are talking at random. I should be mad to refuse Snidgery's wages from empty pride—have you ever counted up what else we have to stave off starvation?—but I have never relaxed in my attempts to procure a post more fitting. I merely refrain from telling you of them because they are either unsuccessful, or result only in offers of employment more humiliating than his. At least he is our friend, Agatha."

"Not mine," she interposed sullenly.

If not hers,—in whom the ambitions of tinsel notoriety, latent in most vulgar bosoms, had grown so strong as to bring her with their disappointment to this,—whose then? Assuredly not his, with his inscrutable refinement of reserve and inherent sense of honour, so keen that it forbade him the obvious retort.

"Our benefactor at present, I will say, if you wish," he continued, wearily dropping his tone of rebuke. "I cannot abandon my work with him until I have something better in my hands; you must surely see that. So far I have met with nothing, though I have looked and searched in every direction.

"Is that Gospel?" she asked with the language and tone of the street.

"Yes, true as the Gospel and bitter as the Mosaic law. My whole desire is to help you, Aggie, until you are well enough to take your own place again; but I have tried, and tried, without avail. I have no qualifications, and what is worse, no interest."

"I don't believe you when you say that, you know," replied Agatha. "What's become of all the high-class friends that you had when we were married?"

"And for which you married me?" he enquired; and could have bitten his tongue out the moment after.

"Partly, I believe it was," she replied indifferently, as if she were

not quite certain upon a matter of fact too trivial to think about. "Anyway, they have been little enough good. What's become of them?"

"Scattered like the leaves in autumn these many years; butterflies, as I was then, Agatha, and unlikely to serve us even if they had the will. I will struggle on alone, trust me, and do my best for you."

With one of her sudden impulses she made as if to caress him; but when he would have responded she drew back with a hard laugh. "And meanwhile I am to go on—hoping; that is what you mean, I suppose. A precious life which seems to please some; but I eat my heart out, and my gifts burn within me like fires, struggling to have vent and play. You don't care. There's distraction and movement for you in the dirty business you pretend, with fine-gentleman airs, to hate; but what have I beside solitude,—solitude which gives me opportunity only to count up my wasted time, my cursed fate, my gifts all rusting, my poverty?" Her fingers, covered with false rings, twined convulsively together in her lap, and her careless garb fell around her like rags. Yet she had been young, a beautiful, passionate animal once, with occasional thoughts for others too, now long drowned in the querulous cry of selfishness or overborne by fierce diatribes of frenzy. It had become a familiar demon with her, the sense of personal injury, and was fostered rather than weakened by each interval of quiescence. Anthony, the drawn lines about his mouth deepening to her thrusts, would have flung himself into the mud at their feet and died by inches, could that avail to restore their lost beauty to her coarsened features. His love had been crushed under the kneading of their life together; but he would

still have done so, and more, for the sake of what he had once felt and which had left something behind it as impalpable and inexpugible as the blue in the depths of the sky. Yet, with her, it was always of herself and her needs; never of him and his patient forbearance.

"Never mind," she went on, brooding gloomily over the river in front as if the flow of its dark waters swept the fulfilment of her high fancies silently nearer; "my time will come. It is creeping onward now; I see it. Then you will watch me from afar in envy and hate. I shall be beyond your reach—successful, shining, in another world. You will emerge from the obscurity and baseness which pleases your sluggishness now, and crawl to me for a smile or a word,—for even a look. But you shall not have it—as Heaven is above us, you *shall not*! I will spurn you as you have hidden me, and for the same reason, Mr. Smith. And what is that, what is it, I say, you hypocrite? Do you ever think, while you play upon me like an instrument, that I may not be utterly blind and insensible? Has it never occurred to you that I might have glimmerings of common-sense; or do you imagine that in my case, as in many others, the artistic spirit quenches shrewdness? You are ashamed of me, you coward! Bah! don't attempt to deny it! Do you think it affects me, who hate you and everybody? No—no—*no*, liars and sycophants and cowards all; only wait, and I will beat you yet!"

"I hope you may, Agatha," Anthony said, when her disjointed declamation had sunk into a muttering whimper. "What else have I striven for? Wherein did I restrain you until it became so urgent for you to seek rest, that I insisted upon your coming back here? Even then I promised,—and

I renew the promise now,—that the enforced holiday should cease when your shattered nerves enabled you to resume work."

"Oh, yes," she retorted like a spoiled child hugging its monotonous grievance; "of course, you talk and talk, and I am to give in for ever without a protest. But you are ashamed of me, all the same; and I despise you for it, because I know how, if I was a famous star—which I shall *never* be, with hideousness and age coming on—" She began to sob with heavy gasping breaths, fighting the fit and yet seeming to snatch some pleasure from it in a way that was inexpressibly painful.

"Agatha, if you really cherish the hope of working again," said Anthony, "such self-indulgence jeopardises it. Be a woman of courage; you were so once. Do not give way to these weaknesses, for God's sake—what good can they do either of us?"

"None," she answered, drying her eyes upon the hem of her gown,—she! the twin lode-stars of whose soul were severally named fame, and that miscalled gentility which has evoked more mean baseness in its acquisition than even fame—"none; but no ill, either; for striving and fainting both lead to nothing. I am tired; let me go in."

## CHAPTER XII.

In the little parlour (which was also the kitchen) they found Scripture Soffit, with many a glance toward his library, meekly enduring disquisitions upon men and things as viewed in relation to the Snidgery philosophy; a philosophy which was apparently of a growling and disparaging nature, and requiring much tugging of whisker and rending of good English for its enunciation. It is astonishing to reflect upon the universality of

the exercise of criticism and also its catholicity; the imagination staggers before the contemplation of the regenerated worlds that would severally arise could the schemers have their way. A myriad Utopias, all of them perfect, all of them acknowledging the omniscience of their respective inventors, and—all of them different. It is to be noted, however, for the better reassurance of the ordinary or timid person, that the critical gift has been declared incompatible with the creative gift. Only the jaundiced mind of prejudice would refer to this dictum as emanating from originators hard hit by analysis; we and our congeners can pass such aspersions by, and, but estimating it as a coincidence that the mind most fertile in schemes of social and ethical amelioration is not uncommonly the most chary in illustrating their efficacy, rejoice in the consciousness that a new Babel of perfection is still remote.

"You pamper her, that's what you do," Anthony heard Snidgery saying as he pushed open the door; "and nobody didn't ought to be pampered. 'Tisn't kind, nor yet good for 'em; let 'em shift for themselves, the same as I had to do; and they'll thank you afterwards, if they are not dead, or in gaol, or grewed too mighty to notice you at all. Mind you, I'll admit that p'raps it's a fault on the right side, because I think parents don't usually do justice to their children, and me never having had no pampering ought to know. It is extrornary the 'ap'azard way that people marry and breed children; it fair passes me. Who's to feed 'em? *They* don't know. Who's to clothe 'em and shelter 'em and educate 'em? *They* don't know no more than the man in the moon. They ain't got no money, and never expect to have none; but they marry all the same, and along comes the children. I

believe they do it so as to have something to shelter their own idleness and shiftlessness with. There was a man come to me only the day afore yesterday, and he's just the same as a score of others I get every month. 'Well,' says I, 'when am I agoing to have the fingering of my interest on that little bit you borrowed of me? I've give up all 'ope of the capital; but what about the interest? Is it to be a County Court job, that's what I want to know?' 'Mr. Snidgery,' says he, 'I'm a poor man, and I won't disguise it.' 'It ain't much good trying to do so with *me*,' says I; 'nor yet that you're on the road to perdition by borrowing money you won't repay.' 'But that's just it,' says he, almost snivelling, 'I give you my word; I can't repay it, and you know why.' 'Because you ain't got it,' says I; 'well then, it's a County Court job, as I've explained to you.' 'No,' says he, snivelling outright; 'that ain't it, Mr. Snidgery; it's because I've got a wife and nine growing up kids what must be kept from 'unger.'"

"Poor fellow!" commented Scripture. "I hope you weren't hard on him; now don't say you were hard on him, Josh, for I know you wasn't."

"That is neither here nor there," retorted Snidgery much disgusted at the old man's density. "Don't talk bosh. The point's this: here's an able-bodied, 'elthy man, earning enough to keep himself in luxury; well, he's not content with that, as I am, and a fair sight of people, both his betters and mine, would be; but he must go and get married, rear nine kids when he can't afford to feed one, and swindle me out of my profits. If it's any satisfaction to you, I can tell you I didn't County Court him—"

"I knew you wouldn't, Josh; it is not in you to be so hard."

"Because he weren't worth it," resumed Snidgery calmly; "but he deserved it, if any sniveller ever did. There are too many of 'em like that, and it makes me sick. Can't wait till they've put by a bit or is earning better wages, but must rush off to church directly they are breeched; and I, and charitable old women of both sexes, pay the piper. Blow their snivelling, say I; let 'em reap the same as they've sowed."

"How does this affect me?" asked Agatha, when he had finished and relit his pipe after expectorating into the fireplace as a sort of colophon.

"Not at all as I am aware of," replied Snidgery staring.

"You were talking about me when I came in."

"Oh, ah," he said; "so I was, to be sure. This was a branching out, so to speak,—the other side of the picture I showed your old man after telling him that he coddled you up too much."

"Then just leave me alone in your conversation; do you hear?"

"Right," responded Snidgery cheerfully. "It's a choice for you entirely, Aggie; I don't care. Well, I suppose I must be off; come part of the way as a matter of exercise, Anthony!"

Anthony glanced rapidly at his wife, expecting a demonstration of angry jealousy such as she showed sometimes when he proposed leaving her alone with her father; but she remained impassive, in a reverie that he knew would develope into irritability if he strove to dissipate it before it had spent itself naturally. The evening was soft and gentle; any place, even the street, was more alluring than his home. He followed Snidgery across the deserted yard, under the echoing archway, and into the busy hive beyond, whose clamour beat almost refreshingly upon his ears.

Josh Snidgery's pleasantry as to

his being a ladies' man depended for its humour, as do most pleasantries, upon its inversion of the truth. Being neither picturesque in appearance nor conciliatory in manner, he did not, as a matter of fact, get on with them at all; and Agatha was his peculiar aversion. If therefore, in Agatha's company he had been talkative, freed of that restriction he became positively garrulous; and as he was always least prepossessing when he opened his mouth, Anthony was more than relieved when they reached the untidy house in Little Joseph Street.

"Come along in," he said, expansively gratified by the respectful silence which had been accorded his observations, and taking Anthony by the button-hole. "Have a drop of brandy and water; it'll do us both good. The wharf makes me dry even to think of now. What glasses me and old Scripture used to have hob-and-nob before you brought that selfish wench back! Them good old times is gone, I suppose; you can't break down the rule while she is there!"

Anthony shook his head, and managed adroitly at the same time to shake himself free from the grimy grasp upon his coat. "She is not yet strong enough to touch alcohol," he answered.

"Strong!" exclaimed Snidgery; "Oh Lord!"

Anthony's brow clouded ominously, and Snidgery saw it. "Well, come in anyway," he said, "and have a liquor-up here; it'll put some life into you."

Anthony excused himself and left his effusive employer to the solitary joys of the bottle. He walked away aimlessly, not much caring, hardly even knowing whither his footsteps led him. Any direction but one fulfilled his object, which was to obtain a brief respite from his home upon the wharf. In his shabby coat and patched boots, with his chin dropped upon his breast, his feet dragging wearily, he

wandered on. He seldom raised his eyes from the ground; there was nothing for him to raise them for; he was not one of those rare beings who can watch others at play or at work without a desire to join them, content with the pleasures of looking-on. That attitude is very often denominated innocent joy in seeing one's fellows happy or occupied, while the man unable to assume it is stigmatised as covetous or selfish. In this frame of mind he reached the neighbourhood of Pall Mall, where sedateness and comparative quietude reign, and for that reason an incident reached his consciousness which would have been merged in the universal roar of the noisier neighbourhoods he had left behind. It was a very slight incident: a loud, hearty voice bidding good-night to someone who stepped into a brougham and drove off after a reply in the octave enjoined by propriety. The possessor of the loud hearty voice moved on; and Anthony, coughing slightly with excitement and accelerated speed, hurried after him and touched his arm.

"Hulloa—the devil!" exclaimed Mr. Gilstrapp in a tone that could have been heard on the other side of the street. "Leonard Hawthorne!"

"Neither," said Anthony, colouring slightly. "I've dropped my stage-name, Gilstrapp. It is the unromantic Smith now. Where are you going?"

"Where you are," said Mr. Gilstrapp, wringing his hand, pausing to stand back a space, pouncing on him again like a jovial whirlwind and flinging the concentration of a dozen greetings into another grip. "To Timbuctoo, if that's your destination; whither thou goest—you know, eh? You sha'n't drop me this time like the *nom de guerre*, Anthony. Confound your engagements for to-night; if you've got a baker's dozen, you must chuck 'em overboard and dine with me."

"I am only too glad to do so, Gilstrapp; but what about yours?"

"Deuce take 'em, my dear boy; this evening we spend together."

"But let us move on first," said Anthony with a cheerful laugh that came without an effort. "People are beginning to stare at us, Gilstrapp; your old trick of roaring through a hurricane has deceived the loafers into a delicious idea that we contemplate a fight."

"So we shall, by gad, if you make the slightest movement to escape," replied Mr. Gilstrapp. "Here, hook on, Anthony; I don't trust you." He drew Anthony's arm through his own. "Now, where is a cab; we will go to the club. Damn those cabs! there's never one to be—"

"Not the club," said Anthony, detaining him quickly as he raised his hand to hail.

"Why—what?"

"Look at me." He drew away to where the light from a street-lamp fell upon him, his threadbare clothes and drooping shoulders. "Not your club, Gilstrapp; somewhere else."

"Of course not, you sly dog," said the older man, seizing him again with a good-comradeship that many would admire—from a distance. "There will be constant interruptions there, eh? Now, where shall we go—hotel, restaurant, sausage and mashed potato-shop, private bar?"

"I leave it to you," answered Anthony, giving himself up with entire abandonment to the sweets of companionship after exile. "Anywhere—nowhere; hang the food; so long as we have a good talk I am content."

"There are some capital snug little restaurants in Soho; foreign waiting, foreign dishes, separate tables, hushed atmosphere, all complete."

"And a nice appreciation of their value demonstrated in the bill. Ah! I knew them in my salad days."

"Come along, then, you purse-proud rascal; you are dining with me as your captor, and Dumour shall signalise the event in the most voluptuous style, or I will have his bullet-head on one of his own sham silver chargers."

"Dumour! Is he alive still?"

"My dear Anthony! And flourishing most dyspeptically, I assure you. Was *his* den of indigestion one of your haunts?"

"Yes," said Anthony, smiling faintly at the recollection of past glories. "I went there often when I was young—"

"Young!"

"Unmarried, if you like, Gilstrapp; you have turned very precise since we last met."

"A sign of advancing age," replied Mr. Gilstrapp, fetching a vast sigh from his great lungs. "There's no pretence about it in my case. Here we are, Anthony; go in first, so that I can keep an eye upon you."

He followed, and his quick clear glance measured in a moment what the semi-obscurity of the streets had kept hid, and betrayed how time had dealt with his friend. Surely, though his travels had trained his faculties in rapid observation so well, they had taught him little, or much, beside; otherwise, why should he, in his superfine evening dress, stop Anthony with almost a rough grip at the door, and insist on grasping his thin hand again in his own big brown one, clap him on the shoulder heartily, and enter the room upon his arm like a father in confidence with a son?

### CHAPTER XIII.

THERE was a soft glow in the restaurant, enlappening everything and proclaiming it as a temple of the god of deglutition; a temple where glare and noise and contention could

not come. Even Mr. Gilstrapp's robust personality seemed somehow to smack less of the outer air as he entered. There were ten or twelve small tables disposed about, not more; the doors were shrouded by curtains; the screens did not share the faculty, usually notable in that article, of standing in the way. There was sufficient distance between the tables to ensure privacy of conversation, and their shaded candles shed a chastened light upon the spotless cloth without throwing the diners' faces into harsh relief. Waiters moved about watchfully and benignly, silent as phantoms and many degrees more useful.

It was long since Anthony had appeared at such a scene. Though, with one exception, none there, from the waiters to the scattered murmuring feasters, paused in their self-centred placidity to notice him, he felt for a moment a stranger and an intruder; as a tattered soldier might who comes back broken and soiled from the wars and inadvertently stumbles upon a banquet of companions in new uniforms whom fate has kept snugly warm at home. The exception was the high priest of the temple, and also its owner, as high priests often are in infidel creeds,—to wit, Monsieur Dumour. This great creature knew his responsibilities, as well as how to fulfil them unobtrusively, which is the incarnation of art. He stood near the door, bowing and smiling and rubbing his hands in welcome; that done, he seemed to vanish and insist upon his authority no more. But first he must help Mr. Gilstrapp off with his cloak; no menial can be suffered to perform that office, for Mr. Gilstrapp is a favoured guest. Then he turned to perform the like office for Anthony, and at the same instant a flicker flashed into his fat face and died away. It was a gleam of recog-



niton, for he had a good memory, as became him, and also the wisdom, which became him better still, to restrain its outward manifestations. Anthony, with a new and unnatural lightness of spirit, betrayed by the flash of colour on his cheek, rallied the high-priest. "Have you forgotten me, Dumour?"

No, Dumour ecstasically but softly always, has not forgotten the gay Monsieur; but, *mon Dieu*, how is there a long time since he honoured these saloons with his presence!

Indeed that is true; and in the interval Madame—?

Ah, Madame is the same,—younger than ever, if possible, as Monsieur Smith would say upon his each last visit; and *l'p'tit Pierre*—but he is *l'grand Pierre* now, serving his time with knapsack and musket at Dijon; Madame also is visiting relations in the France. They would both respectfully convey their felicitations upon this auspicious occasion; it would not be the last, surely!

"Certainly not," interposed Mr. Gilstrapp, selecting a table in the corner and pulling back Anthony's chair for him. "If you justify your fame, it shall not be the last by a long way, Dumour. Now be off; that is right. Frederic, this is an impromptu repast; nothing is ordered. What have you got?"

Frederic whispered; and he looked across to Anthony.

"I leave it all to you," said Anthony.

The spirit of the place was stealing over him, dashed with a sort of mental intoxication. He would have laughed to hear such a phrase applied to a visit to a smart restaurant; but it was so. It is not material things themselves, often petty or incongruous enough, which influence us, but the currents of memory they set vibrating. How different was his life from this

an hour ago, how different again would it be an hour hence! At the thought, something like a blow seemed to strike his throat as he drank his wine; he coughed laboriously.

"This won't do, Anthony," said Mr. Gilstrapp, moving round the table so that they were side by side. "I am a garrulous individual, and I shall not stand your day-dreams any longer. Swallow that cough down with another glass, and we will talk."

"So be it."

"What did you do after I went abroad and lost sight of you?"

"The same thing—provincial towns, pinching, struggling, failing."

"Your wife—she was with you?"

"It was to please her we led that life," said Anthony.

"Did she grow better?"

Anthony beckoned the waiter to fill his glass. Mr. Gilstrapp watched him. "Never mind," he said; "one cannot expect too much in the circumstances of such an exacting career. She grew no worse?"

"She did, Gilstrapp. God forgive me for the callous tone! I cannot declaim; you know that was one of her complaints against me, and I know it made against our success. She has lost her reason." He spoke the words almost sternly, looking at the older man as with a sort of challenge.

"Ah," said Mr. Gilstrapp, nodding his head with grave concern and an expression upon his open face which would have surprised the many who only imagined it susceptible of flamboyant emotions, "I feared so, old fellow. Is it melancholia? She is not violent?"

The unaccustomed vintage of comfort was working potently in Anthony's brain and breaking down his fierce reserve; that, and some talisman Mr. Gilstrapp possessed for winning confidence, made him raise his hand to his forehead and with a rapid motion

sweep aside the hair; a long dark bruise lay revealed amid its roots.

Mr. Gilstrapp nodded again gravely. "Cannot you get her into a Home?" he asked.

"I suggested such a course once; she—she resented it."

"Perhaps it is best."

"And I have not the means, Gilstrapp. You see, I speak openly to you, because I know you will not offer what I could not accept. I have not the means. Even if there existed the possibility of shifting my duties upon other shoulders, I should not avail myself of it. I have sown, and I will reap. Why should I complain?"

"What are you doing now, Anthony?"

Anthony told him about his work frankly; but even to him he could do no more than touch upon the life at the wharf and the strange coterie of failures who hid themselves, and of which he was the head, among its rubbish-heaps. Shame declares itself in many ways, all illogical, of which the chiefest are unconditional disclosure and unconditional silence. Both require a certain degree of courage or inborn pride devoid of casuistry. Anthony could not have told why Snidgery's mastership was nothing to hide, while a reference to his wife's infirmity tugged at his heart-strings. One he could dilate upon in all its sordid details: the other existed as a secret he had been impelled to lay bare and cover again instantaneously; and yet, if in either, his own degradation was shown in the first. Mr. Gilstrapp, his brown forehead wrinkled with a new calculation, heard him to the end.

"Now," he said, "I have a suggestion to make, which, if you fall in with, will get me out of a dilemma. Just listen till I have said my say, without putting your independent oar

in, and then give a decision. Wait a moment first."

He ordered coffee and liqueurs; or rather those refreshments evinced themselves automatically at the precise juncture they were required, according to the custom of Monsieur Dumour's transcendent establishment. Then he leaned back with crossed legs and spoke rather slowly.

"I will presume that you are not unwilling to accept some other occupation less,—less laborious, you understand."

"Less contemptible."

"Devil take your vanity, Anthony!" exclaimed Mr. Gilstrapp cheerfully; "there is no getting over it; it scorns even a semblance of civility. However, I will say more in accordance with your upbringing. Now, by a coincidence, I was entrusted this morning with a commission which threatened to get me into something of a scrape. It was to unearth some trustworthy person who would take in hand the business affairs of a man who has no more idea of business than I have of—of," said Mr. Gilstrapp, casting about for a simile, "of Choctaw. To say the truth, my acquaintance in circles likely to provide a properly qualified individual is somewhat limited; and a search in other circles, such as you belong to—don't interrupt me, confound you! I shall lose the thread of my yarn—such as you *did* belong to, then, was not likely to be very productive. I wanted a fellow I knew, you understand, and could vouch for to the uttermost; strangers wouldn't do. I would scour the world and spend my last dollar to get the right man, for I felt it a sacred—a trust, I should say. Of course that sounds very fine, heroic in fact; but he was needed at once; and one cannot travel round civilisation, spot your man, test him, and haul him along in a week; so I

felt up a tree. The first thing was to start looking about, and precious quickly too; but where to look—who to ask? Damn it!" exploded Mr. Gilstrapp, twinkling all over, "I can't be diplomatic to save my life! Will you take the post, Anthony?"

"I will."

"That's the ticket!" said Mr. Gilstrapp, hugely relieved. "You are a good fellow, Anthony: I was afraid you would cut up rough; and I wanted most infernally to hook you, for it's not every day I get such a chance of making myself useful to a lady."

"A lady," repeated Anthony with a little quiet amusement.

"No, no; now don't misunderstand me," said Mr. Gilstrapp very earnestly. "Quite a girl,—the daughter of my oldest friend, who is the incapable in question. It's rather an odd affair, and needs a bit of explanation. The fact is, he don't know anything of my little plan, and I am preparing it as a surprise for him."

"My position is likely to be ambiguous, Gilstrapp."

"Not an atom, my dear fellow: he'll fall into rank with the greatest placidity and content when he finds himself fixed; but no one likes to suggest his giving up the reins, you see, because he has got a vast opinion of his own abilities."

"That is not uncommon."

"I'm afraid not," rejoined Mr. Gilstrapp, shaking his head; "we are all more or less sinners in that respect. Gex—which is his name, bye the bye—Colonel Gex owns house-property in town and some landed property in the country, along with mortgages, livings, and so on, I believe, which require looking after. He makes a mess of it, more or less; so a secretary, or agent,—call it what you like—is the thing he wants. I think you'll get on with him: he

is a remarkably good fellow; but if there is a little touchiness apparent until you have shaken down, don't worry about it. Remember he'll be grateful enough to have a stick to lean on, and *you* will be conferring the favour, not he."

Anthony had been listening with his eyes fixed upon the table-cloth and without any signs of animation beyond the stain of red in his cheek. He looked up as Mr. Gilstrapp paused for breath and coffee. "It is like you, Gilstrapp," he remarked quietly, "to put it in the way you do. Thank you."

"Let us be off, and take a stroll before turning in," said Mr. Gilstrapp, rising precipitately to change the topic. Thanks scared him even out of cheerfulness, and he would rather have withstood a cyclone of invective than a whisper of gratitude. "I will give some details of the household, of which you must become a part, as we go along."

They bade adieu to the resurrected and beaming Dumour, and strolled up and down a deserted side-street. Anthony soon became possessed of all the intelligence necessary to prepare him for his approaching encounter with wealth and refinement. The units therein, — Colonel Gex, his daughters, and his most assiduous friends—were as yet names to him only, and perfunctorily there flitted through his consciousness the conviction that they might never be much more,—names that had tongues, that is all. But, as when he entered the restaurant, the knowledge of their embodying an idea, an era, stirred him like a strange voice murmuring in his ears and forcing into activity the stupor threatening to envelope him. He saw, dimly as yet, but with a promise in it of unexpected possibilities, another phase in the life which he had till now accepted as

inevitably bound in a stagnation irremediable by any act of his own. Looking forward to progress, hope, change, he formulated nothing distinctly, but dipped into the future while Mr. Gilstrapp's genial enumeration of material items rolled forth.

"Finally," said that worthy, placing both hands on his friend's shoulders and giving him a gentle shake, "and to wind up a catalogue that has not received the respectful attention it deserved, I shall advance you a small sum to rig yourself out, Anthony. No obstruction on that point! A *small* sum only, mind you, to be repaid without haggling for time when the first instalment of salary becomes due; say a word in refusal, and we fall out beyond remedy."

As Anthony passed under the archway and on to the wharf, a fine rain began to fall which the rising wind blew across his face. It was the first sign of autumn; and rain and wind and darkness suddenly brought back to his mind the night when he had come home, here, with his wife. Involuntarily he shivered, though it was not cold.

A light shone through the lattice-window across the yard; he hurried apprehensively over the ragged intervening space, for it was not Scripture's habit to sit up so late.

The old man met him at the door and hesitatingly tried to check his advance, and speak to him before he crossed the threshold; but he pushed him aside and went in.

A pungent smell of spirits assailed his nostrils as he entered. Excited as he was by his meeting with Gilstrapp and the reaction of his present surroundings, his senses were abnormally intensified, and to them

the room seemed to reek and cry aloud of brandy.

"Why did you come in so quick, Anthony?" moaned Scripture, wringing his hands helplessly by the door. "There is trouble here; and I wanted to prepare you."

"There is," he replied.

There was indeed. With her face flushed and swollen, and babbling incoherently through her half-open lips, his wife lay upon the floor in a drunken stupor.

"How did she get it?" he demanded, trying not to speak harshly.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the old man. "I can't seem to collect my thoughts, Anthony. It must have been a half-empty bottle left in the back of the cupboard by Josh, as I'd forgotten about. Oh dear, oh dear! what can I do! I was out in the yard, and knew nothing; she was singing loud, to be sure, I recollect now, but I didn't notice it. When I came in she glowered at me, and soon after she fell there. I thought it might be a fit at first. I could not move her; my poor old bones is too weak. Oh, Aggie, Aggie!" he dabbed his eyes with his coat-cuff in a very simple and pitiful manner, murmuring to himself the while, "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, oh Lord, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified."

"Help me to raise her," said Anthony.

They took her as gently as if she had been an innocent little child, and laid her upon her bed. The noise of her breathing seemed less stertorous there to Anthony as he turned away; perhaps the sound was lost in the rising wind; or it may have been that the dumb hopelessness in his heart, which Mr. Gilstrapp's hearty presence had momentarily thawed, was settling down again.

(To be continued.)

## THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

[The following letter was written to his mother by Humphrey Senhouse (afterwards Sir Humphrey le Fleming Senhouse, K.C.H., C.B.) then serving as a lieutenant on board H.M.S. CONQUEROR, Captain Israel Pellew. The memorandum on the tactics of the battle bears no date, but is believed to have been written between 1827 and 1830. They are now published for the first time by the courtesy of Sir Humphrey's daughter, Miss Rose Senhouse.]

H.M.S. CONQUEROR,  
*Off Cadiz, October 27th, 1805.*

I CANNOT commence my letter on this occasion in a more appropriate manner than by adopting the very words of our late glorious Chief, in a former instance similar to the present, as far as my recollection will admit of. "It has pleased the Almighty to bless his majesty's arms with the most glorious victory" that ever adorned the naval annals of a country already eminently distinguished for the brilliancy of her naval exploits.

However gloriously honourable the day's achievement will prove, yet will the 21st of October be rendered still more memorable by the death of one of the greatest naval heroes that human nature can hereafter boast as having once been its distinguished ornament.

It seems as if fortune had singled out our late lamented Chief to prove the falsity of the general assertion that she is invariably fickle in her attachments; for my Lord Nelson's professional life has been marked with an uninterrupted series of successes in the whole of his undertakings, and he has been at last snatched from this sphere of existence at the very moment which is so well calculated to leave a full impression of all his eminent qualities on the mind of his grateful countrymen.

We must hope that some able person will give a full and explicit detail of the operations of the fleet entrusted to the charge of my Lord Nelson since the first escape of the French fleet from Toulon until the 21st of October. Such a display as would then be made of unabated energy, of natural zeal, of eminent ability in arduous circumstances, and of daring intrepidity, would set his Lordship's character in that fair point of view which, like a painting placed in a proper light, would present every feature, every shade, in its genuine excellency to the admiring eye, and teach us to value it according to its intrinsic estimation.

The accounts I can give you of the action will be at this moment very imperfect, as we have been prevented from having any communication through which channel we might receive additional information; and during the action we were too warmly engaged, with a line much extended, to admit of our making general observations.

His Lordship, immediately on joining the fleet off Cadiz, gave up the plan of a close blockade and made choice of a station between Cape St. Mary and Trafalgar, as I understand, from these motives: in the first place, I believe, to give the enemy a chance of putting to sea; next, to prevent our fleet from being driven through the Straits of Gibraltar in the winter

westerly gales when the currents run in that direction with great impetuosity; and lastly, to be ready to intercept the fleet from Brest should they have endeavoured to form a junction with the fleet in Cadiz, before the latter could arrive to the assistance of the former. From the body of the fleet to the entrance of Cadiz Harbour a continued chain of vessels were stationed for the speedy communication by signal of the enemy's manœuvres; and through this channel on the 19th, in the morning, we were informed that the combined fleets had put to sea. The signal for a general chase was made; the wind was light from the S.W., and carrying a press of sail we found ourselves at daylight on the 20th at the entrance of the Straits towards which point it was supposed the enemy would direct their course. At this moment signals made by our frigates to the northward informed the Admiral that the combined fleet was in that direction and still under sail. The wind drawing round to the southward and increasing to a gale it was considered prudent to remain under easy sail in the offing until the weather and circumstances should prove more favourable for closing with the enemy. In the evening of the 20th the wind shifted to the westward, and, the atmosphere clearing, we observed several of the enemy's ships from the masthead close in with their port; and it was then generally supposed that the intention of Villeneuve was to endeavour to escape at the risk of an action, as he had persisted in remaining at sea in such blustery weather.

We were in high spirits; our look-out frigates, under the command of Captain Blackwood, were close up with the enemy, and there was no possibility of their eluding our vigilance. His Lordship telegraphed to

the latter, "I rely on you," alluding to his vigilance in the approaching night, and no untoward circumstance occurred to occasion the slightest regret, excepting the *AGAMEMNON* carrying away her main-topmast, which however was replaced with sufficient alacrity. During the night a continued succession of signals, false fires, rockets, &c., announced the progress of the enemy's fleet to the southward; and at daylight on the morning of the 21st we were indulged with the most gratifying sight that we had beheld for some time,—the combined fleet in a disorderly line bearing about E.S.E. of us, distant eight or nine miles, Cadiz then bearing E. seven or eight leagues.

The plan of attack had been so well arranged previously with his Lordship's accustomed ability and penetrating discrimination, that nothing was requisite but the signal "to alter course." Well aware of the impossibility of an effectual resistance being made if the united force of our fleet was brought to act on any particular part of the enemy's line, and conscious that some time must elapse before the unoccupied ships of the enemy's fleet could come to the assistance of those so engaged, the old system of naval tactics was waived; and the order of sailing in two lines was the order of battle; one, commanded by the second-in-command, to attack the enemy on one side by cutting through the line, or passing astern or ahead of the van and rear as convenient, whilst the Chief with his division engaged immediately opposite, bringing the enemy between two fires. All things being thus regulated, the signal was made to steer for the enemy about six in the morning. The wind was light from the N.W., but every sail was immediately spread to waft us as speedily as possible to the fleet await-



ing our approach; allowing at the same time of the order of sailing being tolerably observed. In the course of the morning our Chief, in his short, energetic, and impressive style, telegraphed generally to the purpose: *England expects this day that every man will do his duty.* The result, I trust, will fully prove that the stimulating consideration invigorated the mind of every individual, and that the first impulse which actuated the conduct of all was the welfare and glory of our country, our King, our Chief, and ourselves.

Fearing that the enemy might endeavour to escape by retiring into their port, then directly to leeward of them, Admiral Collingwood was desired by telegraph to attack to leeward with his division, whilst Lord Nelson would direct his efforts to windward, or wherever a vigorous attack would be most likely to succeed. This manœuvre was performed by the Admiral with such cool and determined intrepidity as will ever entitle him to the admiration of his countrymen. Several ships of the fleet being absent and the *TEMERAIRE*, who was to lead the van by previous regulation, sailing inferior to the *VICTORY*, his Lordship determined to point out the road to glorious achievement himself, and a similar regulation took place in the lee line, where the second-in-command, who should have been third, put himself at the head of his division.

From the manner in which the fleet led to the attack, the lee line was necessarily nearest to the enemy; consequently the *ROYAL SOVEREIGN* (three-decker), Admiral Collingwood's flagship, first commenced the action. At ten minutes after twelve, the ship being at about two-third's gunshot from the enemy's line, a tremendous fire opened on her from

every ship that could bring her guns to bear. The Admiral bore this with the most determined coolness, without returning a shot until it could be done with effect. Unmindful of the galling fire he steadily pursued his course, and cutting through the line under the stern of the *SANTA ANA*, hauled up to leeward and commenced close action. His masts having done their duty by placing him in his station, the main and mizen masts yielded to the enemy's fire without preventing him from soon evincing his superiority over his Spanish opponent. The *ROYAL SOVEREIGN* was ably seconded by the *MARS* and *TONNANT*, and by the whole line in succession, until the action became general. Here we will leave this division and return to give a detail of what was done more immediately around us.

About twenty minutes after twelve the enemy's fire opened on the *VICTORY*, who suffered dreadfully but without preventing her from nobly pursuing her destined course. Passing under the stern of the *TRINIDAD* (a four-decker with four tiers of guns) she discharged her well-directed broadside and finding it impossible to cut through the line, as his Lordship had intended, from the number of ships that closed in ahead of the *VICTORY*, the noble Admiral desired Captain Hardy to lay his ship alongside of the first of them, which proved to be the *REDOUTABLE* (French, 74). The fire of the *VICTORY* was irresistible, and her opponents soon struck, so materially injured that she sank the next day. But her surrender did not take place until England had lost the noblest hero she had ever known. The *VICTORY*'s poop and quarter-deck had been almost entirely cleared by the fire of the enemy, his Lordship with Captain Hardy, and a few more, being the only remaining

persons. His splendid uniform distinguished him as a fair mark for all the French musketry to fire at. His Lordship was killed by a man from the mizen-top of the *REDOUTABLE*, by a musquet-ball which entered into the upper part of the left shoulder, carried away two of the bullion of the epaulette, and penetrating to the vertebre carried with it immortality both in this world and, I hope, in the next to this superior character. The doer of this deed did not long exult in his exploit; his soul was instantly hurried into the other world, as harbinger of the approach of the dying hero, by a shot from Mr. Polard, a midshipman of the *VICTORY*. His Lordship fell when wounded, and was carried off the deck immediately, but retained his senses and lived for two hours afterwards. His country was on his lips to his last moment, and he seemed to be agitated by no other considerations but its glory and its general welfare. He made frequent enquiries concerning the *TRINIDAD*, if she had surrendered to the British flag, and was gratified ere he died. Happy for the *CONQUEROR* that she contributed to this gratification! He was conscious of his approaching dissolution, saying that he was certain his back was broken. His last words were to this purpose: "I see the day will be a glorious one; my ship is much disabled and may be more so, but never strike my flag. Let her go down." He also, with his last breath, said: "Anchor, Hardy, anchor," as the only means of securing the prizes and disabled ships; but the advice was not followed by Admiral Collingwood.

To return to the ships of our division: the *TEMERAIRE* followed the *VICTORY* closely, and unavoidably got on board the *REDOUTABLE*, the contrary side to the *VICTORY*. The French ship *FORGUEUX* (74) was

on the opposite side of the *TEMERAIRE*, and in this manner they engaged with each other until the tricolour flag was hauled down. These ships having left an opening in the line, the *NEPTUNE*, who followed the *TEMERAIRE*, passed through it astern of the *BUCENTAURE* and hauled up under the lee of the *TRINIDAD*, leaving the *CONQUEROR*, who closely followed her, to win the laurels by the capture of the Commander-in-Chief's flag-ship. Previous to this all the firing had been merely child's play to us, but now a cannonading commenced at so short a distance that every shot flew winged with death and destruction. In ten minutes the *BUCENTAURE*'s main and mizen masts went by the board; twenty minutes after, her fore-mast shared a similar fate, and at half-past two she struck to the *CONQUEROR*. Our boat was sent to take possession, and we immediately made sail ahead to assist the *NEPTUNE* now closely engaged with the *TRINIDAD*. Captain Pellew, with his accustomed coolness and discrimination, took a position on the Spaniard's quarter within pistol-shot, and commenced so severe a fire that in half an hour, all her masts falling, she was necessitated to show the English union to the *NEPTUNE* and the *CONQUEROR*. At this moment five French ships, which had been unoccupied in the van, bore down to the assistance of their Admiral. After a short time to breathe, we endeavoured to close with them as well as the shattered state of our rigging would permit, every running rope being shot away but one of the maintop sail-braces. The ships passed to windward of us about a quarter of a mile, receiving our continued fire and discharging theirs at us without any inclination to approach nearer.

After the damage our rigging had sustained had been repaired in a partial degree, the *INTREPIDE* (French, 74,) was the next ship we singled out. This ship we engaged at too great a distance to do any material execution on either part, our shattered state preventing our closing nearer; and the distant cannonade continued until the *AFRICA*, a perfect ship, dashed in between us with several others directing their fire against the deserted ship. Her captain surrendered after one of the most gallant defences I ever witnessed. The Frenchman's name was *Infernet*, a member of the Legion of Honour, and it deserves to be recorded in the memory of those who admire true heroism. The *INTREPIDE* was the last ship that struck her colours about half-past five, and now the tremendous roar of cannon had ceased and all was still.

We had then leisure for reflection, and to observe the dreadful and destructive effects of the operations of the last six hours. Two of the finest fleets that had ever put to sea, which only a few hours previously had been towering in all their pride on their destined element, presented to our view a melancholy instance of the instability of human greatness. Above seven thousand men and officers, who had a little time since been priding themselves in all the pomp of professional greatness, were for ever extinguished from the book of life, and upwards of ten thousand suffering under torture of the wounds they had received.<sup>1</sup>

These reflections occurred to me whilst I was viewing the scene at a

distance of about four miles around covered with about thirty ships dismasted, lying like logs on the water, the surface of which was strewed with wreck from various vessels and their hulks interspersed with the remaining part of the fleet in a most shattered state, many slowly aroused to grant assistance where it was most needed. The principal feature at six o'clock was the French ship *ACHILLE* (of 74 guns) in flames which filled up the measure of the havoc the day had occasioned. About six she blew up, and closed the memorable battle with one of the grandest spectacles to be met with in nature.

Our loss in killed and wounded is very trifling. In this particular we may consider ourselves peculiarly fortunate, as we had our share of the battle, but the slaughter on board our ships in general exceeded much the number we have generally had in a former action. The enemy suffered dreadfully in this particular. Our men consigned two hundred killed to the deep from the *BUCENTAURE* after they boarded, and found one hundred and fifty wounded. The *INTREPIDE* had nearly the same number, so that from this statement a calculation can be made of the general loss. Never was there an action so decisive, never one that reflected more glory on the country, or one that will be more strongly impressed on our memory for many reasons. The seamen, it is generally observed, fought not in their usual style, firing as fast as their guns could be wadded, and trusting to chance for the result, but with the determined coolness and skilful management of artillery-men regularly bred to the exercise of great guns. Such valour nothing could withstand, and if our fleet had been six sail less than they were the victory would still have been

<sup>1</sup> According to Mr. Laughton (*NELSON, English Men of Action*) our loss was 449 killed and 1242 wounded. The *CONQUEROR*, according to the same authority, lost three killed and nine wounded.

ours. The *PRINCE*, although Captain Grindall used every exertion that man could do, was not in the action, at least not materially engaged; but his professional character is well known, and no comment can be made but what must tend to his honour. A few others are very slightly damaged, and these ships, with Admiral Louis's squadron, who were not in the action, having been detached on a distant service, have resumed the blockade of Cadiz under Admiral Collingwood in the *QUEEN*.

As I mentioned before, if Lord Nelson had lived the fleet would have anchored immediately after the action, as we were only five leagues from the land and in shoal water where our anchors would have rode the ships securely, and having nothing else to attend to, we could have employed ourselves in rigging jury-masts and in securing the prizes; but this was neglected. A considerable time elapsed before the ships were in a condition to take the more disabled vessels in tow, during which time they were drifting fast on a lee shore; and a succession of severe gales without intermission has obliged us to destroy almost the whole of the captured vessels, has occasioned the re-capture of two or three of them, and assisted in dismasting most of those ships whose masts were wounded in action. Our prize, the *BUCENTAURE*, one of the finest eighty-gun ships I ever beheld, worthy of bearing the flag of Villeneuve, was under our charge, but our crippled state prevented our making any offing with her from the shore. On the morning of the 23rd, at daylight, we found ourselves within three miles of the beach, and the *BUCENTAURE* close in, with the lighthouse of Cadiz some little distance from us. With great exertion we got off from the shore, but our prize struck on the rocks

and is totally lost, the men saved and exchanged. The *SANTA ANA* (112), *NEPTUNE* (Spanish, 80), and the *AIGLE* (74), drifted close in, and were towed towards the harbour-mouth by a squadron of the enemy who came out to take possession of them. Admiral Gravina was dangerously wounded, and his left arm has been amputated since; Villeneuve is safe under the charge of the Commander-in-Chief. We are ordered to proceed to Gibraltar with the disabled ships as soon as the weather will permit, and from thence I trust we shall soon take our departure for England. Our masts are severely wounded, and only secured by fishing and reducing our upper spars. Within the last day or two we have recovered ourselves a little from the severe service we have experienced since the action. Our situation has been perilous, but our exertions have made us superior to the danger which awaited us. If my Lord Nelson had lived you would have seen me perhaps a post-captain. "After the action," said he before they came out, "I'll make you all in 80-gun ships."<sup>1</sup>

#### MEMORANDUM ON LORD NELSON'S TACTICS AT THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

The British fleet continued their

<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant Senhouse received the following testimonial from his Captain, afterwards Sir Israel Pellew. "On the memorable day of Trafalgar I witnessed with admiration the judgment, activity, and zeal which you evinced; nor can time efface from my recollection the gallantry you displayed on one particular occasion, and the imminent dangers to which you exposed yourself on the second night after the action in the tremendous gale, when the *CONQUEROR* was so much disabled and lying alongside the shore in only thirteen fathoms water, when the main-topsail sheets had given way and all adrift, the clewings and buntlings gone, and the sail all flying, every moment expecting the mast to go, you were the only officer that volunteered the hazardous expedient of going aloft to cut away the sail, by which means alone we saved the mast."

course in two columns in the order of sailing in a line ahead; with the *BRITANNIA*, *DREADNOUGHT*, and *PRINCE* (three bad-sailing ships) making the best of their way as most convenient. The look-out ships of the line, the frigates, the *AGAMEMNON* (who had lost her topmast the evening before), and the *AFRICA* (who had parted in the night), all joining the main body and taking their respective stations as they came up. The combined fleet, after wearing from the starboard to the larboard tack, gradually fell into the form of an irregular crescent, in which they remained to the moment of attack. Many have considered that the French Admiral intended this formation of the line of battle; but from the information I obtained after the action, connected with some documents found on board the *BUCENTAURE*, I believe it was the intention to have formed a line ahead consisting of twenty-one sail, the supposed force of the British fleet; and a squadron of observation composed of twelve sail of the line under Admiral Gravina intended to act according to circumstances after the British fleet were engaged. By wearing together, the enemy's line became inverted, and the light squadron, which had been advanced in the van on the starboard tack, was left in the rear after wearing; and the ships were subsequently mingled with the rear of the main body. The wind being light with a heavy swell, and the fleet lying with their main-topsails to the mast, it was impossible for the ships to preserve their exact stations in the line, consequently scarce any ship was immediately ahead or astern of her second. The fleet had then the appearance generally of having formed in two lines, thus ( ———— ) so that the ship to leeward seemed to be opposite the space left between two in

the weather line. In the rear the line was in some places trebled, and this particularly happened where the *COLOSSUS* made her attack. This ship, after passing the French *SWIFTSURE* and luffing up under the lee of the *BAHAMA*, supposing herself to leeward of the enemy's line, unexpectedly ran alongside of the French *ACHILLE* under cover of the smoke. The *COLOSSUS* was then placed between the *ACHILLE* and the *BAHAMA*, being on board of the latter, and was also exposed to the fire of the *SWIFTSURE*'s after-guns. All these positions I believe to have been merely accidental, and to accident alone I attribute the concave circle of the fleet or crescent line of battle.

The wind, as I have stated, shifted to the westward as the morning advanced, and of course the enemy's ships came up with the wind, forming a bow and quarter line. The ships were therefore obliged to edge away to keep in the wake of their leaders, and this manœuvre, from the lightness of the wind, the unmanageable state of the ships in a heavy swell, and, we may add, the inexperience of the enemy, not being performed with facility and celerity, undesignedly threw the combined fleets into a position of defence, perhaps the best that could have been planned had it been supported with the skilful manœuvring of individual ships and with sufficient practice in gunnery.

Of the advantages and disadvantages of the mode of attack adopted by the British fleet it may be considered presumptuous to speak, as the event was so completely successful; but as the success of any particular experiment frequently depends upon contingent circumstances not originally calculated upon, there can be no impropriety in questioning whether the same plan be likely to succeed in all circumstances and on all occasions.



The original plan of attack directed by the comprehensive and able mind of our great commander was suggested on a supposition that the enemy's fleet consisted of forty-six sail of the line, and the British of forty, and the attack, as designed from to windward, was to be made under the following circumstances. Under a supposition that the hostile fleet would be in a line ahead of forty-six sail, the British fleet was to be brought within gunshot of the enemy's centre in two divisions of sixteen sail each, and a division of observation consisting of the remaining eight. The lee division was by signal to make a rapid attack under all possible sail on the twelve rear ships of the enemy. The ships were to break through the enemy's line, and such as were thrown out of their stations were to assist their friends that might be hard pressed. The remainder of the enemy's fleet of thirty-four sail were to be left to the management of the Commander-in-Chief, and it would seem that this division, with the squadron of observation, would direct their movements as rapidly as possible to the eighteen ships next in succession, from the twelve previously attacked, making, as directed by his Lordship's order, the number of the enemy attacked one-fourth inferior to the number of the British fleet. The attack would then have been thus: the two divisions would occupy the thirty ships intended to be attacked, whilst the squadron of observation of eight sail would be enabled to direct their attention to any part of the line where their assistance would seem most required.

The number of the two fleets did not amount to what had been conjectured, therefore some little alteration must be made in the plan already given in order to apply it to the action of the 21st of October. The

British fleet bore up in succession at six in the morning, and continued in the order of sailing of two divisions in a line ahead, until the attack; with the exception of the *TEMERAIRE* and *LEVIATHAN* in the weather line, and another ship in the lee line directed by signal to close with the leaders of the division. If the regulated plan of attack had been adhered to, the English fleet should have bore up together and have sailed in a line abreast in their respective divisions, until they arrived up with the enemy. Thus the plan which consideration had matured would have been executed (than which perhaps nothing could be better), the victory would have been more speedily decided, and the brunt of the action would have been more equally felt.

The enemy's fleet consisted of thirty-three sail, the English of twenty-seven. The number of the enemy to be attacked, so as to leave the English one-fourth superior, would have been about twenty-one, and according to the formation of the fleet in its order of sailing at the time the attack would have been made thus. With the exception of the *BRITANNIA*, *DREADNOUGHT*, and *PRINCE*, the body of the fleet sailed very equally, and I have no doubt could have been brought into action simultaneously with their leaders. This being granted, there was no time gained by attacking in line ahead, the only reason I could suppose that occasioned the change.

The advantage of an attack made in two grand divisions, with a squadron of observation, seems to combine every necessary precaution under all circumstances. The power of bringing an overwhelming force against a particular point of an enemy's fleet, so as to ensure the certain capture of the ships so attacked, and the power of condensing such a force



afterwards, so as not only to protect the attacking ships from any offensive attempts that may be made by the unoccupied vessels of the hostile fleet, but also to secure the prizes already made, will most probably lead to a victory; and if followed up according to circumstances may ultimately tend to the annihilation of the whole or the greater part of the mutilated fleet.

The attacking fleet is in this case brought near enough to the centre of the enemy to enable the lee division to bear up together with all possible canvas, and to make a rapid attack on the rear of the enemy. Each ship may use her superiority of sailing without being so far removed from the inferior-sailing vessels as to lose their support. The swifter ships, passing rapidly through the enemy's fire, are less liable to be disabled, and after closing with their opponents divert their attention from the inferior sailers who are advancing to complete what their leaders had begun. The weather division, from being more distant, remain spectators of the first attack for some little time, according to the rate of sailing, and may direct their attack as they observe the failure or success of the first onset, either to support the lee division if required, or to extend the success they may appear to have gained. They will also be ready to counteract any movement of the van of the enemy should they tack or wear to the rescue of the rear. The squadron of observation will have all the advantages of this last division with the additional benefit of having more time to observe the progress of the fight, and act accordingly. Should it fall calm suddenly, or should part of the fleet be disabled, or should a collected attack be made by the enemy's unoccupied ships, still the attacking fleet will be able to use all

the powers of defence which a consolidated and not confused force will admit of. If the enemy bear up to elude the attack, the attacking fleet is well collected for the commencement of a chase and for mutual support in pursuit.

The mode of attack adopted with such success in the Trafalgar action appears to me to have succeeded from the enthusiasm inspired throughout the British fleet from their being commanded by their beloved Nelson, from the gallant conduct of the leaders of the two divisions, from the individual exertions of each ship after the attack commenced, and the superior practice of the guns in the English vessels. It succeeded also because the enemy's Admiral was determined to fight the threatened battle and to give his followers an opportunity of trying their strength fairly with the English, encouraged by what had recently happened in Sir Robert Calder's action. Admiral Villeneuve, therefore, waived certain advantages that a skilful manœuvre might have insured him.

It was successful also from the consternation spread through the combined fleet on finding the British so much stronger than was expected, from the astonishing and rapid destruction which followed the attack of the leaders, witnessed by the whole hostile fleets, inspiring one and dispiriting the other, and from the loss of their Admiral's ship early in the action. The disadvantages of this mode of attack appear to consist in bringing forward the attacking zone so leisurely and alternately, that an enemy of equal spirit and equal ability in seamanship and the practice of gunnery would have annihilated the ships, one after another in detail, carried slowly on as they were in this instance only by a heavy swell and light airs.

At the distance of one mile five ships at half-cable's length apart might direct their broadside effectively against the head of the division for seven minutes, supposing the rate of sailing to have been four miles in the hour; and within the distance of half a mile three ships would do the same for seven minutes more before the attacking vessel could fire a gun in her defence. It is to be remembered that, although the hull of the headmost ship does certainly cover the hulls of those astern in a great measure, as was experienced in the weather division at Trafalgar, yet great injury is done to the masts and yards of the whole of the machinery of the fight by the fire directed against the leader, and that if these ships are foiled in their first attempt to cut through the enemy's line, or to run on board of them, they are placed for the most part *hors de combat* for the rest of the action.

Again, if it should fall unexpectedly calm, or the wind materially decrease about the moment of attack, the van ships must be sacrificed, as it would be impossible for the rear to come immediately to their assistance.

In proceeding to the attack on the 21st of October the weather was exactly such as might have caused this dilemma. The wind was light, and if it had fallen nearly calm the headmost ships in the fight must have been sacrificed if a moderate degree of spirit and skill had been exerted by the enemy, as the sternmost ships of the British were six or seven miles distant.

The attack of this almost infallible Chief was different from that laid down in his instructions, substituting a line ahead for a line abreast in his divisions, and thereby incur-

ring the disadvantages attending the former in exchange for the great results that might be anticipated from the latter; and it must be observed that the great and primary importance of applying simultaneously a force one-fourth greater to a force one-fourth smaller was entirely lost. If the enemy had been even in exact line ahead this advantage would have been lost; as, for instance, the ROYAL SOVEREIGN, who cut through the line where it was single and hauled up under the lee of the SANTA ANA, ought and might have been easily doubled upon by the SANTA ANA's second astern before the two ships in the attacking column could have manœuvred to prevent it. But as the combined fleets were drawn up on that day, being doubled and in some instances trebled, and as the manœuvre of doubling was practised, as in the case of the REDOUTABLE, who shot ahead and got alongside of the VICTORY on her lee side when the latter was desirous, as we understand, to haul up under the lee of the French Admiral and the TRINIDAD, the advantage of applying an overpowering force collectively, it would seem, was totally lost; and an enemy equal in every respect must have foiled every attempt at victory, when attacked thus in detail. Instead of doubling on the enemy the British ships were on that day doubled and trebled on themselves.

The VICTORY, TEMERAIRE, ROYAL SOVEREIGN, BELLISLE, MARS, COLOSSUS, and BELLEROPHON were placed in such situations in the onset that nothing but the most heroic gallantry and practical skill at their guns could have extricated them. If the enemy's vessels had closed up as they ought to have done around these vessels from rear to rear, and had possessed a nearer equality in active courage and

ability, it is my opinion that even British skill and British gallantry could not have availed. The position of the combined fleets at one time was precisely that in which the British were desirous of being placed,—that is, to have a part of an opposing fleet doubled on and separated from the main body; the very manœuvre which, we conceive, is decided for the capture and subsequent protection of the ship so separated and surrounded. If the enemy had possessed British attributes they must have succeeded. They did not, and therefore liberties were taken by the English which could not be suffered with an enemy more on an equality. The French Admiral, with his fleet, showed the greatest passive gallantry, and certainly the French *INTREPIDE* with some others evinced active courage equal to the British; but there was no nautical management, no skilful manœuvring. The enemy might have placed themselves in such a position that a victory could not have been taken advantage of by us; and still further a victory might have had all the bad effects of a defeat. It may appear presumptuous thus to have questioned the propriety of the Trafalgar attack; but it is only just to point out the advantages and disadvantages of every means that may be used for the attainment of great results, that the probabilities and existing circumstances may be well weighed before such means are applied. A plan to be entirely correct must be fitted for all cases and all circumstances. If its infallibility is not thus established, there can be no impropriety in pointing out the shoals and dangers in sailing over the same ground to subsequent navigators.

There is a rising naval power which possesses the germs of a growing

equality with the naval power of this country, and which may one day rise nearly to the colossal height its great prototype has attained, but never, I think, rise superior. If the combined fleets had been exchanged for a fleet of the country I allude to arrived at that approach to equality which they may yet attain, I do believe the British attack would have been foiled in its attempt.

If this is likely to have been the case, the mode of attack used on the 21st may be recorded for our admiration as having led on that day to such magnificent results, and as one that may be used against an enemy when the boundary of caution may be outstepped for the purpose of throwing the die to try the chance of skill and an impetuous headlong courage against numbers; but it can only be in cases like this in question where a passive courage occupies the place of spirited ability. Our heroic and lamented Chief knew his means, and knew the power he had to deal with. He knew the means he adopted were sufficient for the occasion, and that sufficed.

He planned and circulated that mode of attack committed to writing as one of his last legacies to the British Navy, which may be hereafter used under the influence of the mantle his spirit may have left behind. This plan appears to be perfect in its operation. Having so done he reserved the right of deviating from its stricter rules under his personal discrimination, and like a skilful artist employed the precise impulse to obtain his object without any unnecessary waste of exertion. At some future period some one less discriminating might attempt to follow in his footsteps and might fail.

## HEINE IN PARIS.

SOUVENIRS LITTÉRAIRES : par *Edouard Grenier*. Translated into English by Mrs. Abel Ram. London, 1899.

THE nature of the acquaintance-ship of two people often takes its colour from the accidental circumstances of their introduction. The reason, no doubt, is that first impressions strike home with an emphasis that the lesser pressure of subsequent familiarity is too light to efface. An actor who has made a hit as the gravedigger can never be recognised by the same audience as a possible Hamlet; throughout his life and for many years after his death the reputation of Hood the humourist entirely overshadowed the reputation of Hood the poet. Heinrich Heine has suffered in a somewhat similar way at the hands of his latest biographer, if so large a word may be used of so small a writer. Edouard Grenier, annalist and minor poet, is an engaging personality. His genial twitterings flow along with the ease of those restful streams that twine through the poplar woods of Middle France. They hardly fret even their banks; they are not shallow enough to stir the stones nor deep enough to hide them; they pass peacefully through the champagne land, and though here and there they move the mills of commerce, no sign of the unconscious effort appears before or after. A lady once said of Grenier, in his hearing, that he wrote pretty verses, and though the faint praise offended his poetic ambitions, a better description could scarcely be found. He wrote pretty verses; he has written a pretty book

of Reminiscences, as was natural in one who passed much of his time in the company of many immortals, of Lamartine, Musset, George Sand, and Heinrich Heine. Of these and many more he has prattled with an ease and gossiping grace that are neither shallow enough to be an offence nor deep enough to be a true revelation. Yet the anecdotal charm of the writing has a danger of its own, if only for the subtle ease with which the matter is insinuated into the memory. In this way his chapter on Heine may do more harm to Heine's memory than the matter of the criticism deserves.

Like most genuine poets Heine was a creature of many moods, and if a critic, true in the letter as he is false in spirit, likes to isolate one of these moods, he may play havoc with the character of any Olympian in the world. But character after all, though it has many facets, has but one fact. It is a good stone of pure water, or it is a bad one, independently of the light that may be temporarily thrown on it. At this date it is no doubt a delight to get any new information about Heine's life, and there is the excellent entertainment we should expect in the latest contribution. The tale, however, is more humorous than truthful; for Grenier, overcome by the comicality of their first introduction, was never afterwards able to recover the true perspective, to see in Heine, the wit and the galliard, the candidate

for immortal fame, and thereby his critical judgment fails to do justice to the finer elements of the poet's character. In the year 1838 Edouard Grenier returned from a long sojourn in Germany. He had so fallen in love with the country where he had been entertained, that on his return he spent much of his time in a circulating library, in the Place Louvois, for the sole object of reading the German newspapers. It was here that he first met Heine. "I was sitting," he writes, "at the green baize table strewn with papers between two readers whom at first I did not look at. At last one of them aroused my attention by an incessant cough which was almost as irritating to his neighbours as to himself. My other neighbour presently grew impatient, and during a fit of coughing, more prolonged than usual, gave utterance to a loud *hush!* Another fit soon came on followed by a still more imperative *hush!* The unfortunate sufferer turned to my neighbour and asked sharply whether the *hush* was meant for him? The latter, thus taken to task, lowering the newspaper which he was holding close to his eyes as though he were short-sighted, turned to his interrogator with a look of amazement, which, whether real or feigned, was comical in the extreme, and answered in a tone of the utmost surprise: 'Oh, Monsieur, I thought it was a dog!'" Could anyone but Heine have hit on a retort so whimsical, so unexpected, so final? It may claim perhaps a parallel passage in the pun which Charles Lamb picks out of Swift's Miscellanies as the best in the world, because the worst. It will be familiar:—the learned doctor deliberately stopping the flurried and down-trodden porter as he was carrying a hare and the subsequent grave enquiry, "Prithee,

sir, is that your own hare or a wig?" The evanescent comicality of the question, as coming just where and from whom it did, has been analysed in Lamb's best manner, and it needs a Lamb (who is more than a Grenier) to develop the whimsical element in this Heinesque repartee. There is one other of a similar savour, the famous reply made by Heine himself to the unfortunate Vanedey after their quarrel. Their relations had become so acrid that Vanedey with native pomposity repaid to Heine a few francs that had been lent years ago. Heine at once forwarded the amount to Dumas's charity fund. He could not accept the money, he said; "It had a flavour of donkey about it." Upon which poor clumsy Vanedey, by way of revenge, went round moaning to all his friends, "I am Heine's donkey."

This episode of the dog served as an introduction between Heine and Grenier, and for a while the two were close friends. Ambitious men like to know men whose ambition is already won, and thus Grenier was attracted to Heine. Great men are willing to encourage admiration and subservience, and thus Heine was well-disposed to Grenier. If only the Frenchman had written his judgments on Heine in those early days, how differently the tale would have read. Like Boswell, Grenier, who had many Boswellian attributes, would have made by reason of his admiration an excellent biographer; but writing after their quarrel the spice of venom in his criticism makes it less convincing. He is one of the now fashionable tribe that devotes itself to a sort of diluted Boswellism. Men on the edge of literature seek at much expense of labour and modesty acquaintance with those who have started on the voyage of fame. Stimulated either by the

sense of hero-worship, or by some more vulgar instinct, they fill their note-books with the sayings and doings of these favourites of the crowd, and eventually, on the death or retirement of the great man, they set these records in a volume or in a series of articles, and thicken their memoirs with the padding of superficial criticism or unconscious advertisement. Thus it happens nowadays that every candidate, whether qualified or not, for a niche in the temple of fame, is dogged by a little pack of Bozzies who will presently bark to a listening world the ideas suggested by the great man's scent. Such recorded chatterings have a market-price and form the chap-books for the ultimate biography. In the case of Grenier the reminiscences are stimulated by a love of gossip and a garrulous geniality which help to make pleasant pages. His book is amusing enough to read for an idle hour, and might then be forgotten, as such books should be. In the course of his gossiping, however, he brings against poor Heine one charge which demands serious notice. In history Heine has been written down, not like Vanedey as an ass, but as a sort of Pentecostal genius. Directly he came to Paris his appearance as a contributor to the *REVUE DES DEUX MONDES* introduced him to his new friends as an accomplished French scholar; and his subsequent articles in that magazine and others, as well as the appearance of some French versions of his songs, created the impression, which has since become accepted history, that Heine could write in French as easily and as well as in German. Theophile Gautier, for example, has put it on record that he considered Heine a wonderful scholar, though he adds, as an instance of the poet's

irony, that he loved to hide his capacity under a guttural German accent. It is this accepted view which Grenier sets out to combat, and it must be confessed at once that his evidence, so far as it goes, is irrefutable. He himself, Edouard Grenier, spent many hours of his time in laboriously translating Heine's articles for the *Revue* into idiomatic French, the only quota contributed by Heine being, as a rule, the insertion of some phrases, horribly compounded after the German manner (which were introduced with the object he said, of assisting to develop the French language), with the result that the world pointed to these purple patches as the final proof of their German authorship. Heine, moreover, used to resort to pretty little subterfuges to keep the willing translator at his work. Some of the translations were made, he hinted, to show the Princess Belgiojosa and would serve later as an excuse for an introduction. This was a great bribe for our little Boswell and lasted for many months; the gossiping annalist does not get the chance of an acquaintance with a real princess of literary tastes every day of the week. So Grenier continued to translate, and Heine continued to publish the translations without acknowledgment. There is also little doubt but that, when Grenier departed on his diplomatic mission, Heine employed other willing slaves, Saxe-Weimar for one, on similar tasks.

In acknowledgment of this obligation he was doubtless remiss. The temptation to absorb the work of lesser men, what we should call in the case of common people the inclination to plagiarise, continually attacks genius. Genius is attended, as is natural and not unfit, by a sense of superiority. Conscious of



the possession of the true Midas-touch, it exercises the power of transforming clay to gold without feeling any sense of obligation towards the raw material. We read Burns in blissful unconsciousness that the words are the words of Ferguson. Handel has lent immortality to the tunes of many Lilliputian composers. Boissier and Cyrano are only known to fame because Molière transferred some of their unpolished gems into the setting of his masterpiece. Disraeli (and this brother Jew supplies a nearer parallel) has been accused, and justly, of using for his most famous speech the sentiments, almost the phrases, of a French orator, who in turn owed not a little to Cicero. The truth is, quotation marks are an ugly, inartistic, irritating insertion; acknowledgment by word or by foot-note is clumsy, seems unnecessary, and certainly can be overdone. A modern novelist does not acknowledge the services of his literary assistants, the hack-writers who get up Indian scenery, or German duels, or English polo. In the same way there was no necessity laid on Heine to proclaim the services of Edouard Grenier. The translator was paid not in gold but in coin which he more appreciated, in chats with Heine, the exiled genius, and in conversations with his friends in the Faubourg Poissonnière, all materials for a book of reminiscences.

But at the same time it must be admitted that Heine had special and peculiar reasons for earning a reputation as a French scholar. Owing to the drastic censorship in Berlin, and the miserable prices which his publisher Campe paid for what the censors left, Heine was in continual need of money. Exiled like Ovid, dogged with the ill-luck of a Spenser, and endowed with the generosity of a Goldsmith, poverty was a certainty

of his life. He was enabled to keep off the stress of heavy debts solely through the generosity of his new countrymen. Although what he himself calls the foolish pride of a German poet prevented him from formally becoming a naturalised Frenchman, nevertheless both from personal interest and a native spirit of good fellowship he was always striving to gratify his Parisian friends. He worked hard both as a hack-writer, a task at which he asserts that he was worth "devilish little (*verdamt wenig*)," and also in the guise of a French patriot. "It was the great task of my life," he writes, "to labour at a hearty understanding between Germany and France." The announcement is made in his will and must be taken with all the seriousness that its setting implies. He laboured very hard at this task, and partly for the excellence of his work partly from the extreme generosity of the government of Louis Philippe, he was given an annual pension of 4,800 francs. Towards the gaining of this pension no doubt the excellent versions of Edouard Grenier contributed in no small degree. Was it very wrong of Heine not to tell M. Guizot that these translations were really the work of that promising young candidate for future admittance to the Academy, the embryo writer of pretty verses, M. Edouard Grenier?

The slip is the more excusable that, as a rule, jealous pride was foreign to Heine's nature. Once he was accused of passing off as his own the borrowed phrase *pour l'amour de Voltaire*, but it is the one instance of plagiarism, and as for envious desire of fame he generally showed himself remarkably free from it. But even in this reference the annalist speaks with disparagement. It seems that in his youthful enthusiasm Grenier was

accustomed to congratulate Heine because he had followed in Goethe's steps, and like him given lucidity to German verse; a clumsy comparison at best and tactlessly conveyed, nor can we share the critic's surprise that Heine took exception to the comparison. A writer of a genius even more individual (though of course slighter) than Goethe's is not unjustified in taking umbrage at this sort of civil leer.

It is a little disappointing to find that a friend of Heine has not more news to tell of the life in Paris. Grenier found Heine's room German and *bourgeois*, he thought the *petite Nonotte* (to use Heine's favourite endearment) a dull, unintelligent *grisette* whom the poet had picked up Heaven knows where. But the details of the furniture of Heine's flat are not interesting, and after all Mathilde Crescence Mirat, though she did not know her husband was a poet, and though she failed to learn German, loved Heine with a very full affection, and for those eight long years which he spent on his mattress-grave tended him with an inspiring cheerfulness worthy of a Beatrice.

It is never fair to investigate the character of a poet in the light of common day. Though Heine's profession was journalism, and though poetry, if we may believe his own words, was but a holy plaything, he was of the stuff that poets are made of. He was moody and on the surface fickle; full of enthusiasm like Byron, but also full of a conflicting humour which prevented him from thinking, in Byron's words, that he was pious when he was only bilious. He has had many hard words thrown at his head. The Jews call him apostate because his Jew uncle persuaded him to be a Christian; the Germans call him renegade, because they drove him

from his country; his free-thinking (and free-loving) friends branded him as hypocrite, because he was at last wedded in church to please the wife he loved. Politicians lay emphasis on his fickleness, because the opinions of his leading articles developed with the progress of the times. Lastly M. Edouard Grenier dubs him as a *bourgeois* impostor because he lived with a wife in a flat and did not advertise his indebtedness to his translator.

But all these accusations, true enough when forced into illogical isolation, fail of their effect because they do not touch the essence of either Heine's genius or his character. His genius was the spark struck from dissimilar elements. As he himself says of Shakespeare, the Greek and Hebrew elements joined; but they did not fuse. They stood to each other as the Celtic and Teutonic elements in many English characters, a constant cause of unaccountable flashes. Hence comes the unceasing interest of his work. Like his life, we shall never get to the end of it, even when those autobiographical memoirs of his are dug up from the archives of the Austrian Government. Indeed his life and genius are bound up in a peculiar manner; we can get to the end of neither, and the beauty which is at the centre of both will never be spoiled, though it is sometimes veiled, by the eccentric ugliness of the outer hem. The mingled love, bitterness, and pathos of his songs, as of his career, strike home by virtue of an untameable reality. When other writers try to pull from the heart its deeper secrets they succeed only as those who rake water-weeds from the river. The plants, swinging there in their own element, looked full of native grace and beauty; but when gathered by clumsy hands to the bank they lie tangled into a repul-

sive heap of amorphous ugliness. Later on laborious talent can sort and separate the fibres and press the growths back to shape, if not to beauty; but the mobile grace, the natural beauty, is spoiled for ever.

Yet Heine, helped by the witchery of humour, can wrest these deeper habitants of the heart out of their home, and for a moment hold up their elusive grace in the element of a stranger world. So in respect of his genius no idle or envious tongue can rob his reputation of its gloss. Had he borrowed as much as Burns he would still, like Burns, be justified in the loan; and in respect of his character, even if he was moody and *bourgeois* (whatever that means) and acquisitive of another's fame, the essence of the man is still beyond the reach of cavil. For eight years of miserable pain he wrote regular and cheerful letters to his old mother that she might not suspect his illness, and before the friends about him he maintained a vivacious interest and manly fortitude which could only be the outcome of a heroic mind. When, dying on that pile of mattresses, he painfully lifted with his fingers the lid of his single seeing eye and saw the ruin of a great and gay man, he could still smile and jest. "Pouvez-vous siffler?" said the doctor to him on his death-bed.

"Hélas! non," was the answer; "pas même une comédie de M. Scribe." The jest needed a fine courage, and the humour gives the picture a truer pathos than the solemnity of a Marius on the ruined stones of Carthage. It is true Heine wrote in the intervals his *Tristia*; but if we can find an excuse for the lamentation of the exile at Tomi, even an annalist should have room for a genuine respect for the expatriated poet of the dreary Rue d'Amsterdam. Such humour as his is a sign of the victory of will. Like Kant he kept his mind, vigorous in spite of his body, through a long series of years, and he has kept alive for a world-long period his reputation, not only as a genius, but as a good courageous character. "Pas de talent mais un caractère," translates Grenier from ATTA TROLL, and wishes to write the reverse of the epitaph on Heine's tomb. It is a thin criticism for a self-constituted critic, and may be dissipated by a phrase. "The field of Honour is dirty," said Heine, when he was forced into the arena to fight a silly duel; and such a witticism so timed is as full a test of character as it is of talent; for the man who made it never in all his trials lost command either of his wit or of his will.

W. BEACH THOMAS.

## FEEDING AN ARMY.

"THE art of conquering," said Frederick the Great, "is unavailing apart from the art of subsisting," and stern experience has brought home the truth of this and similar maxims to generals in the field. The provisioning of an army is, however, neither the most conspicuous nor the most picturesque part of war, nor is its importance immediately apparent. Hence the mind is disposed to pass lightly over it to the crash of arms, in which the blow, prepared by means not readily followed, is at length delivered and the victory declared. At the same time to have an intelligent appreciation of the conflict, to realise all that is contained in such expressions as lack of transport or exposure of communications, one must be conversant in some degree with the preliminaries and accessories of warfare; and of these the most important and difficult are concerned with the feeding of the troops.

In mediæval times the question was easily solved. An army lived off the country which it occupied, and when that could no longer support it, moved on to another region and there repeated the same process. In the terrible wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the unarmed population must have deemed itself fortunate when it escaped with this exhausting tax, and was not also ruined and decimated by the ferocious professional soldiery. If from any cause this one means of sustenance failed, an army speedily melted away.

Nowadays the method of making war support itself is estopped partly by the vast size of modern armies,

partly by various considerations both humane and politic which did not occur to our rough and ready ancestors. Consequently the food-supplies of an army must now in great part be sent from home. During the Peninsular War this fact was only beginning to be recognised; and the burden thus imposed upon Wellington occupied so much of his time that he used humorously to say that, though he might not be a very good general, he prided himself upon being a first-rate commissariat officer.

The easiest part in the feeding of an army is the preparation of supplies at home and the forwarding of them to the base. Yet this task requires two valuable qualities, foresight and care, for lack of which it has sometimes been disastrously mismanaged. The besetting weakness of a routine administration, that it is always inclined to work upon a stereotyped plan, has been a fruitful source of error. General rules may form a good basis of calculation, but they need to be modified according to particular circumstances. Thus if the error is to be avoided of sending coals to Newcastle, and in order to send them delaying supplies really needed, the quantity and character of the supplies procurable on the spot must be ascertained. Other points also must be taken into account; the disposition of the inhabitants, for example, the probable duration and character of the struggle, and so forth.

An army engaged in the realities of war needs a greater supply of food than when taking part in apparently similar operations at home. During

peace each soldier in the British army receives when in barracks one pound of bread, three quarters of a pound of meat (really about seven ounces of meat-food, as the meat is weighed uncooked and with the bone), and also groceries. When in camp at home he receives an extra quarter of a pound of meat, the daily cost of his food at this time, at contract prices, being about ninepence three-farthings. In the field his rations are estimated to consist of a pound and a half of bread or a pound of biscuit, one pound of meat, one third of an ounce of coffee, one sixth of an ounce of tea, two ounces of sugar, half an ounce of salt, and one thirty-sixth of an ounce of pepper. Lord Wolseley considers that at times of marching, or other hard work, this ration should be increased by half a pound of meat and two ounces of compressed vegetables or four ounces of preserved potatoes, the total being three pounds and a half gross weight of food for each man. His Lordship also reckons that each soldier when marching will require from six to eight pints of water for drinking and cooking, and about the same amount for washing, but that in a stationary camp he will require for all purposes at least five gallons.

The animals accompanying the expedition, namely, the horses of the cavalry, the horses and mules attached to the transport, and the cattle driven along with the forces, must also be fed. The daily rations for a horse are calculated at fourteen pounds of hay and twelve pounds of oats, but these quantities, like those given above, may need augmenting. General Sherman, the well-known Federalist commander, considers that, to be in good condition, a soldier ordinarily needs daily three pounds gross of food, a horse or a mule twenty pounds. If, however, a

chronic dearth of provisions is to be prevented, the amount supplied must considerably exceed the amount needed, for even under the most skillful management immense loss and waste and frequent miscalculation are inevitable. This fact constitutes an almost certain pitfall to the inexperienced; that it is well understood by the British Government appears from their resolve to keep four months' reserve always available in South Africa. This reserve, which at the outbreak of the war it was calculated would meet the needs of some hundred and twenty thousand men, included twelve million pounds of preserved meat, twelve million pounds of biscuit, four hundred thousand pounds of coffee, two hundred thousand pounds of tea, two million two hundred thousand pounds of sugar, eight hundred thousand pounds of compressed vegetables, four hundred thousand pounds of salt, three hundred and sixty thousand tins of condensed milk, one million four hundred and fifty thousand pounds of jam, eighty thousand gallons of rum, twelve thousand bottles of whisky, thirty-two thousand bottles of port wine, four hundred thousand pounds weight of lime-juice, a vast quantity of sparklets for making soda-water, eighty tons of alum for purifying water. For fifty thousand horses and mules there were provided twenty-five thousand tons of hay, thirty-one thousand tons of oats, and three thousand tons of bran.

Within recent years it has been found advisable on several grounds to supply large quantities of prepared and preserved foods to armies in the field. In the first place, the need for fuel in order to cook the food is thus greatly reduced,—it will be remembered that from nothing did the English army in the Crimea suffer so greatly as from the want of this

necessary; secondly, exactly the kind, quality, and right proportions of food required can thus be supplied; thirdly, food when prepared takes up less room and is thus more easily transported; fourthly, when sent in packages, each known to contain a certain number of days' rations, it is much more easily and expeditiously distributed. On the other hand, fresh meat and bread are in the long run more wholesome and sustaining than preserved foods.

It is generally agreed that spirits should be consumed only in great moderation during a campaign. In addition to their notorious disadvantages they are very deceptive restoratives; and the man who thinks to fortify himself by means of them against the possible results of that exposure which soldiers in the field must undergo commits a dangerous error. Tea is a far healthier and safer drink. Vinegar, lime-juice, jam, and fresh vegetables are strongly recommended as anti-scorbutics, of which there should always be a plentiful store.

A more difficult matter than the preparation of supplies is the distribution of them to the troops in the field. To accomplish this, the whole system of magazines and lines of communication has grown up during the last two centuries. The place in which the supplies, in the first instance, are collected is called the base; in the case, however, of an army supported from over-sea its ships, which bring its supplies and to which it must retreat if defeated, constitute the base. The supplies are forwarded from the base along the lines of communication, that is to say, along the traffic-routes connecting the army or its various divisions with the base. Until required, they are stored in magazines at the base and in dépôts at suitable points on

the line of communications. The foundation of such a system of communications, so far as it is to traverse friendly territory, should be laid in times of peace; preparations for prolonging them into the enemy's territory can be based on a knowledge of its character and resources. The Germans entered upon the war of 1870-71 well equipped in these respects; consequently they were able to surmount without disaster the commissariat difficulties arising out of the concentration of immense armies for the siege of Paris at a distance of two hundred miles from the frontier. Strategic considerations should enter largely into any scheme of communications. Thus the base should if possible be located at the intersection of several lines of transport, in order to prevent the enemy from perceiving in advance the general plan of operations.

Obviously the railway forms the best means of communication, and where there is a single line of advance, as in the late Khartoum campaign, may be relied upon almost exclusively. Where, however, operations are spread over a wide area, it must be supplemented by other means of transport. The deficiency of these at the beginning of the present war seriously hampered the British forces by restricting their choice of lines of advance to the railways, and rendering impossible the movement of large bodies to a distance from them. The disadvantages thus arising were increased by the fact that the lines of advance available had already been curtailed owing to the decision of first relieving the besieged garrisons.

As an army advances small detachments are left at exposed or commanding points to protect the lines from interruption by flying columns of the enemy, and to control the general arrangements of the trans-



port. At first supplies are obtained directly from the base; but as the lines of communication lengthen, the army is compelled to rely more on the intermediate depots, which are stocked in part from the base, in part from the surrounding country. The task of keeping these depots adequately supplied, as well as the whole supervision of the transport from the base to the terminal station on the lines of communication, is in the hands of the Army Service Corps under the direction of trained officers.

While, however, its depots and magazines form the main source, they are seldom the only source whence an army draws its means of subsistence. In friendly territory the inhabitants of the districts through which it passes are expected to help in provisioning it, receiving reasonable pay for what they give. Again, supplies of fresh bread and meat, which, as has already been seen, form a very desirable, if not a necessary, portion of a soldier's diet, can usually neither be forwarded from the rear nor obtained locally. In order, therefore, to secure a sufficient quantity of fresh meat, the cattle must be driven along with the army. This method, though the best, has serious disadvantages. Cattle travel slowly; either therefore they must be allowed to fall inconveniently behind, or the army must slacken its rate of advance. Moreover, the change from leisurely grazing in soft fields to moving at a sustained pace along hard rough roads has a very deteriorating effect upon the animals. They become feverish and lose much weight, perhaps are rapidly carried off by disease. On this account the authorities have endeavoured in the present war to supply the troops as far as possible with frozen meat from New Zealand, Australia, and elsewhere. The meat thus obtained is more wholesome than

that afforded by freshly slain but ill-conditioned cattle, and the troublesome sanitary problems of the slaughter-house are avoided. It is reckoned that in a healthy condition an ox will afford rations for three hundred men, a sheep for forty-five, and a pig for one hundred and ten.

To ensure adequate supplies of fresh bread, an army is usually accompanied by a field-bakery column. This includes the field-ovens, and a number of waggons, some of them carrying the yeast and reserves of flour, while in others, which are fitted up as bake-houses, the bread is kneaded and prepared for the ovens. Of field-ovens there are several kinds; the steam-oven and the field-oven specifically so-called are much used in the British Army. A steam-oven, weighing from one to two tons, can be taken across moderately rough country by four horses. It will bake in some ten hours between four and five hundred loaves weighing three pounds each. A field-oven (made of sheet-iron) is a much lighter article, but bakes only about half as much bread in the same time. In the French Army there are attached to each army-corps twenty-four field-ovens, yielding each sixteen hundred rations a day, one hundred and sixty at a baking.

So long as an army depends upon supplies forwarded from its depots the convoy-trains attached to it will be chiefly engaged in bringing them up from the terminal station on the lines of communication. It was shown in the Franco-German War that an army-corps, to ensure the satisfactory delivery of its stores of all kinds, needed some twelve hundred waggons. This large equipment is usually divided into auxiliary, departmental, and regimental transports. The auxiliary transports receive the supplies at the last station on the

line. The flour they carry to the field-bakery, generally stationed some distance to the rear of the army, exchanging it for the loaves of bread which they take to the departmental transports. The remainder of the supplies received at the station they take direct to the departmental transports. The latter carry the supplies to the camp, where the regimental transports receive them and distribute them to the troops. Returning again, the departmental transports are met by the auxiliary transports with fresh supplies. At the same time, in order to provide against any breakdown or delay, or other sudden emergency, the transports accompanying the army carry a reserve generally of from four to six days' supplies. Further, each soldier carries in his haversack rations for three days. It may happen that an army must be prepared to subsist for a considerably longer period upon the provisions stored in its convoy-trains. Upon such occasions movable field-magazines are sometimes added to these, but they have the great disadvantage of seriously encumbering the advance. General Sherman calculates that a single army-waggon drawn by six mules will hold a day's provisions for a regiment of a thousand men. At this rate a week's provisions for an army-corps of thirty-five thousand men, dependent solely upon what it carries in its trains, would fill two hundred and fifty waggons. If the waggons required to carry the forage for horses, the ammunition, and other supplies are added, this number may be doubled or even trebled.

The march of an army-corps thus encumbered is very different from the sweeping, torrent-like advance that the uninformed fancy is disposed to picture to itself. A single narrow road may form the only line of advance. Over this the long-drawn

column of some thirty-five thousand men extends for eight or ten miles. Behind them follow the convoy-trains, the regular transport-waggons reinforced by locally-requisitioned drays and carts, and numbering in all perhaps near a thousand vehicles, which may cover another ten or twelve miles. Reluctant herds of cattle, incessantly driven forward with goad and whip, close the line of march. The whole line may thus occupy a good twenty miles of road, or nearly half the distance from London to Brighton. The advance is slow and irregular, and before the main body of the transports is in movement the leading battalions have already arrived. Of the pomp and picturesqueness usually associated with the movements of large masses of troops there is little to be seen. The brilliant uniforms, the smartness and alertness of the parade-ground are wanting; and the long line of transports, advancing slowly amid shouting and confusion and frequent delays due to the bad and at times almost impassable condition of the roads, might at first sight be taken for a huge gipsy-emigration. Before the bulk of the transports is in motion the leading battalions have already arrived in camp and completed the day's marching. More than a dozen miles are seldom covered in a day; and little as this may seem at first sight, yet the daily effort necessary, combined with the tedium and monotony of the march, the frequent stoppages, and the long fasts consequent upon the backwardness of the transports, soon spread exhaustion and depression among the troops.

The question of supplies becomes much more serious when the invasion of the enemy's territory commences. The maintenance of the communications and the collection of supplies locally alike offer greater difficul-

ties than hitherto. This holds even in the most favourable conditions. Thus, though the invading armies of Germany in 1870 were well served by their commissariat and had complete control over the territory which they occupied, want was at times acutely felt by them. An army stationed in hostile territory will endeavour to obtain local supplies either by billeting or by some system of requisitions. Billeting is open to serious objections. It presses very severely upon the poorer inhabitants, and where these are numerous should as far as possible be avoided from humane motives. Moreover it involves the dispersion of the troops, and therefore cannot be resorted to without great risk when an enemy is in force in the neighbourhood. The danger is illustrated by an incident in the campaign of 1814. St. Priest, one of the generals of the Allies, having received authoritative messages announcing the complete defeat of Napoleon, had quartered his troops on the villages about Soissons. In this condition they were attacked by Napoleon, whose defeat had been greatly exaggerated, and were easily and decisively beaten. Requisitioning is now far more resorted to than billeting by an invading army. The success and the humanity of this method of obtaining supplies depend in great measure upon tact and judgment. The inhabitants are naturally unwilling to contribute to the support of a foreign army; at the same time they are still more unwilling to expose themselves to the passions of a starving soldiery. In these circumstances it is generally the wisest course for the general in command to summon the civil authorities and other influential persons of the district, and to arrange with them the terms upon which protection against rapine and insult will

be afforded to the inhabitants; he will also be wise to leave the collection of supplies to the local authorities, who know how the burden can be most satisfactorily distributed. It is now coming to be recognised that the requisitions thus demanded should be paid for, unless by some act of treachery, or other offence, the inhabitants have forfeited the immunity of non-combatants. As late, however, as the war of 1870-71 the inclination to regard requisitions as a tax imposed upon a conquered people was still strong. Shortly after the invasion had commenced a list of regulations on this score was issued by the German commanders. Each soldier was to receive daily from the inhabitants seven hundred and fifty *grammes* (equal to nearly two pounds) of bread, five hundred *grammes* of meat, five hundred and fifty of bacon, thirty of coffee, sixty of tobacco (or five cigars), besides wine, beer, or whisky. The daily rations for a horse were fixed at six thousand *grammes* (nearly sixteen pounds) of oats, two thousand of hay and fifteen hundred of straw. In order to extend the burden over a large area monetary contributions have sometimes been substituted for requisitions in kind.

The number of troops which a district is capable of supporting depends of course upon the amount and nature of its resources. In the barren regions in which English troops have so often operated against uncivilised enemies requisitioning of any sort has frequently been out of the question. General estimates have, however, been made. Colonel Hazenkamp considers that if the population be equal in number to the troops it can supply them for from four to six days; if it be double in number it can supply them for from one to two weeks, if quadruple for from three to four weeks. An army-corps he thinks can easily

be supplied from a country which has one hundred and fifty inhabitants to the square mile, but only while on the march. Clausewitz calculated that from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand men marching in parallel columns on a tolerably broad front can be fed from local resources. It is obvious, however, that an army when in motion will not be able to exact requisitions from a hostile country with the same ease as when it is stationed for some time in one region. The scale of requisitions, according to another method of computation, has been fixed at one ration daily for every three inhabitants of a well-cultivated, and for every six of a poor district.

An invading army, however, even where its lines of communications have been prolonged through many miles of hostile territory, must rely principally upon supplies from home. Thus in the war of 1870-71, when the resources of a rich country were at the disposal of the conquerors and were freely utilised, two thirds of the provisions were drawn from the base. In Napoleon's invasion of Russia this vital source was closed at an early stage owing to the breakdown of the commissariat, and long before reaching Moscow the army was rapidly melting away through famine and through the consequent desertion of the foreign auxiliaries.

The modern system of supplying armies has greatly lessened their mobility, for under ordinary conditions a large force departing from its lines of communication will soon begin to suffer from dearth of food. A late modification of the system has still further limited the sphere of action. Formerly large detachments used to be left on the lines of communication to hold these against attack; in consequence an army rapidly lost strength as it advanced. This disadvantage

has induced modern commanders to adopt another plan, to leave behind only such detachments as will suffice to keep the system in good working-order, and to throw upon the main body itself the duty of protecting it against serious attack.

These successive changes have fundamentally modified the problems of strategy. Armies are nowadays like foils, by means of which very vulnerable yet at the same time very necessary lines of communication are attacked and defended. To destroy or render powerless the forces of the enemy remains as much as ever the main object, but this may often be most effectually accomplished by getting past his line of defence and severing his communications. In such circumstances a complete victory will often alone save him from starvation.

From the military point of view the present war is interesting because, among other reasons, it opposes to each other the modern commissariat system and a system having points of analogy with the medieval. The Boers to a great extent seize what they require; their horses and draught-oxen can subsist by grazing on the *veld*; hence they are much less dependent than the British on their communications. This gave them considerable advantages in respect of speed and freedom of movement in the early stages of the war, when the heavy transport-requirements on the British side far exceeded the available supply. This defect, however, once remedied, the real superiority of the magazine-system has immediately revealed itself. Com-mandeering, a sort of unscientific requisitioning, will not long maintain a large stationary force in a thinly populated country; and oxen, even though they do not need to carry their own forage, are greatly inferior as draught-animals to the mules which

the British have gradually collected from America and South Europe. The latter fact was strikingly shown in Cronje's failure to effect his retreat from Magersfontein. On the field of battle his force, being all mounted, would have been more mobile than the British; on the march they were overtaken because of the slowness of their transport.

The problem of properly supplying an army like ours in South Africa is sufficiently arduous; yet it is light compared with what awaits modern

continental nations in the wars of the future when their whole manhood will be thrown into the struggle. The depopulated country behind them will certainly be unequal to the task, which will therefore fall largely upon neutrals. To supply from foreign, and partly from distant, countries armies numbered by the million will be as difficult as it will be supremely important. Hence success in warfare may come to depend primarily upon the excellence of the commissariat arrangements.

## OUR RUMMAGE SALE.

It may, or it may not, interest the world, which is in the habit of glibly using the phrase *to stand in another man's shoes*, to be informed that I am at this very moment standing in the Rector's, or at any rate in what were once the Rector's, boots. They are not at all bad boots in their way, being stoutly built and at the same time having some pretensions to be called elegant; but the Rector hardened his heart to part with them because they persisted in creaking, and I regret to say that, under the strain of new proprietorship, they have as yet evinced no inclination to abjure a pernicious habit. I am at least the third owner of these valuable articles, and whereas they passed from the Rector's hands (or, to be more accurate, from the Rector's feet) into the temporary possession of my odd-job boy, any virtue that might have attached to them in the matter of endowing their purchaser with the gift of preaching, or of lecturing an old woman, has possibly been intercepted in the course of transit, and appertains unto William Thomas rather than unto myself. If I cannot of my personal experience testify that William has in parochial matters shown a desire to cut the ground from beneath the Rector's feet, or in any way to arrogate unto himself the functions of our spiritual pastor, I may at least declare that on some occasions when I have myself been wearing those boots, so far from feeling any desire to preach I have only with difficulty abstained from using words of anything but good omen.

Allow me a few words as to the purchase of those boots. It had been strongly impressed upon me by our good Rector, fortified by the weight of a feminine and not-lightly-to-be-gainsaid authority that it was incumbent upon myself, as being one of those beasts of burden called in the vulgar tongue churchwardens, to further to the full extent of my ability the success of our Rummage Sale. And it readily occurred to me that I should best secure that object and my own peace of mind, at one and the same blow, by presenting William Thomas with the sum of five shillings and giving him a half-day off, on the condition that time and money should alike be spent in the Rummage Sale, and that the money in particular should be invested in the purchase of a respectable pair of boots. Later on, when William invited my assistance in the way of selection, I pitched upon the Rector's discarded creakers as best fulfilling the conditions of respectability, being at the time blissfully ignorant of their musical tendencies. Small things are apt to irritate small minds, and the spectacle of William Thomas's big toe protruding from his boot at sundry times and in divers places had been for six months past a source of grave irritation to my own small mind.

"But it were only five bob as you give me, Master," objected William as he examined the boots with a critical eye.

"Well, the boots are only five and sixpence," I replied.

"Be I to have them for five bob then?" was the next inquiry.



"Oh dear no, you must pay the proper price for them."

"Well then, who's a going to give me that 'ere sixpence?"

And as William had clearly no idea of investing any capital on his own account, I weakly produced the coin required and the purchase was effected.

So far so good, at least from William Thomas's point of view. He had got a half-day off and a good pair of boots, and had nothing to grumble about. Nor did I grumble myself at the time. But when on the following morning William Thomas's big toe was still in evidence, I lodged an objection. "Where are your new pair of boots," I enquired, "the ones I gave you?"

"What them as I bought?" he exclaimed, correcting me. "Whoy they aren't no manner of good on at all. I counts as it were throwing good money away and all. I've tried 'em wi' socks and wi'out socks, and they pinches orful. I aren't a going to wear of 'em, not me." The manners of the rustic youth down in our country are aggressive rather than suave, and William Thomas is a native of those parts.

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Sell 'em belike, if I can find a fool as 'll buy 'em. Happen as they'd fit you, Master, seeing as how I measured them alongside of that last lot as you bought two year ago come Christmas."

And as I really had been a good deal out of pocket one way and another over the Rummage Sale, the idea, though crudely put, somehow or other commended itself to my mind. So, having tried on the boots and found that they fitted me fairly well, I handed over five shillings and sixpence and became the possessor of the Rector's boots. I may as well say I did not know at the time that they ever had been the Rector's property,

or that they creaked too abominably for words, nor could I foresee that William Thomas, notwithstanding the fact that he was five and sixpence to the good, would still so far retain the idea of proprietorship as to talk of them either as "our boots" or as "them there boots as me and you bought at the rubbidge sale." "Rummage Sale," I corrected him one day. "Same thing, aren't it, Master?" was his answer. "Most of they things there were rubbidge anyhow. Them there boots was, I reckon."

But I am wandering, and must get back to my title and leave my boots, or our boots, or at any rate the boots that once creaked on the Rector's feet, and after a brief stay in the company of William Thomas are now creaking on my feet, creaking on still, though they have been duly paid for with the sum of eleven shillings of which one moiety went into William Thomas's pocket while the other swelled the profit of that,—well, that blessed Rummage Sale.

Here I will confess that at present the worthy Rector and myself are not wholly in accord on this matter. Some day perhaps we shall bury this hatchet, as we have buried many others. Now he rubs his hands, as is his wont when the world smiles upon him, and pronounces the Rummage Sale (quite a new departure, by the way, in our parish) to have been an unmitigated success. But I, as with sorrow I reflect on the good things that I have loved and lost, look back upon the fateful day with feelings of anything but equanimity.

"Why, my dear George," he said to me only yesterday, "do you know that after I have paid the bill for the cassocks, I have got eleven pounds, seven shillings, and some odd pence in hand?"

And I, thinking of the great Mantalini, had it in my heart to say:

"Dem the cassocks, and the eleven pounds, and the seven shillings, and the odd pence too!" However, I restrained myself and only enquired, though I did not use Mr. Mantalini's exact words, what the "dem'd total" was.

"Twenty-three pounds, four shillings, and sixpence." "Splendid!" I ejaculated, while I groaned inwardly, sore at heart as Aladdin that old lamps had been changed for new, that coats carrying on them not merely the dust of ages, but a whole horde of associations, a veritable cartload of sweet reminiscences, had been butchered to make a Roman holiday,—I mean sold to provide a loud-voiced and hard-featured choir with eminently unbecoming garments.

The fact of the matter is that the Rector and his unhappy churchwarden are standing on a wholly different footing. If it pleases the former to play the part of a Chancellor of the Exchequer who, after imposing an extra penny of income-tax on the unresisting taxpayer, awakes one fine morning to find himself the proud possessor of an unexpected surplus, I, even I, am the aggrieved taxpayer who has sacrificed not only that penny in the pound in hard cash, but at least twenty-five shillings in the pound in the way of sentiment. How then can I be expected to partake in the Rector's unholy exhilaration?

It is one thing for a bachelor parson (always a *persona grata* to the fairer members of his flock) to issue an imperial edict to the effect that on such and such a day a rummage sale will be held in the village-hall for the benefit of the d'serving poor, and in aid of the fund for providing cassocks for the church-choir. But it is quite another thing for the unhappy benedict who is suddenly called upon by an energetic and active-minded wife

either to constitute himself *particeps criminis*, and to be guilty of most involuntary suicide by diving with her into remote corners of the house in quest of what she is pleased to call rummage, or, hideous alternative, to absent himself from home for a day while the lady herself and sundry other petticoated and kindred spirits have a field-day among the family wardrobes.

"I think you had better go out shooting with Mr. Jameson to-morrow, my dear," remarked my better half to me one evening. "I saw him this afternoon, and he asked me to tell you that he was going to ferret or do something."

*Doing something* being a slightly equivocal term did not wholly commend itself to my fancy. Jameson is a very worthy person, but is one of those individuals who live with a gun in their hands, and for all I knew to the contrary the *doing something* might resolve itself into sitting on a shooting-stick under a tree and waiting for an imaginary wood-pigeon, by no means an exhilarating form of amusement on a raw November day. "Well yes, I might go certainly," I said in a hesitating manner, "but how do you know that he wants me?" "I went to call on his wife,"—this was a slight feminine inaccuracy, as the dear creature had really driven four miles in the cold to see Jameson himself for the express purpose of inducing him to lure me away from home on that Thursday—"and I saw Mr. Jameson and promised him that you should go. You really do want a change, dear, and besides [for here I made a gesture of dissent] I have got some people coming to lunch, Miss A. and Mrs. D.," and then she went on to mention the names of three or four other ladies addicted to good works and insipid conversation on matters con-

nected with mothers' unions, friendly girls, babies' boots, and so forth.

This turned the scale in favour of Jameson. Accordingly I went; and as I neither shot Jameson nor did he shoot me, and we both killed some rabbits and he bagged a ferret, the day went off pleasantly enough. But the state of our front-hall on my return was simply appalling, and there was abundant evidence that the good ladies had been having a real sporting day, and, I might add, had been poaching pretty considerably on my preserves. Upon a wooden clothes-horse, pressed into the service for the occasion, were hanging at least six pairs of my second-best and third-best trousers in almost improper contiguity with articles, of what I believe to be called *lingerie*, which certainly were not mine. And in order that no mark of ignominy might be wanting, each and every individual pair of my trousers was assessed at the ridiculously low sum of eighteen-pence. What the other articles on that clothes-horse were priced at I had no curiosity to look. Hanging in a row upon the banisters was a select assortment of petticoats flanked by some almost brand-new suits of pyjamas, originally bought at an excellent shop in the Edgware Road which professed to be selling off a bankrupt's stock. It was a mere matter of detail that I had never been allowed to wear them, chiefly, I believe, because my wife's pug (which slept in our room and snored like a grampus) objected to the colours. Piled up in heaps upon a table was what I can only describe as an *olla podrida* of headgear: caps of my own, some of them really priceless in value but now labelled sixpence each; straw hats of both genders; other hats belonging to my wife; half-a-dozen of those silly little things which women nowadays call bonnets; one

real bonnet of the good old coal-scuttle order which I fancy must have belonged to the cook, who is a very sensible as well as a very substantial party; wideawakes galore, many of them in excellent condition though a little faded; my second-best silk hat, and last but not least a rusty ecclesiastical headpiece which my wife had coaxed out of a real live Archdeacon. In one corner was a job lot of pots and pans, kettles without spouts, jugs without handles, and a warming-pan with a hole in it, a little past work, perhaps, in its original line, but eminently suitable for service in a large family where extensive spanking was required. And in the centre of this group, looking thoroughly ashamed of the company she was keeping, stood a big black dolly on a stand, whose proper vocation in life appertains, so at least I have been informed, to the fitting of ladies' dresses. Now the poor victim was partially clad in one of my pet shooting-coats which for one reason or another declined to adjust itself properly to her figure.

But the thing which really made my hair stand on end with horror was the spectacle of a whole row of dear old friends in the way of coats hanging upon hat-pegs with staring labels attached to them, hopeless, helpless, and as it were silently appealing to their legitimate owner for sympathy and protection.

I at once rang the front-door bell loudly. "What is the meaning of all this, Emma?" I enquired of the parlour-maid who answered the summons.

"Oh, if you please, Sir, the Mistress and the other ladies have been pricing the things for the Rummage Sale."

"How very kind of them!" I remarked grimly; "and now perhaps you will be kind enough to help me to carry some of my coats up-stairs

again;" and with that I proceeded to strip Black Dolly of her borrowed finery.

"Oh, Sir, if you please, oh, oh," and with that the much-shocked Emma fled into the back regions and left me to work my own wicked will, not for very long though, for her reiterated shrieks had the effect of bringing my wife on to the scene of action.

"Why, George, what are you doing?"

"What you and your precious party have been doing is much more to the point," I answered. "What I am doing is collecting my coats."

"Oh, but dear, you can't have them really. We want them for the Rummage Sale."

And then ensued a somewhat lengthy argument, which eventually ended in a compromise, much of course to my disadvantage, though I did manage to annex one more coat in addition to that which had adorned Black Dolly. A bid of two sovereigns for the remainder of the lot was rejected with contumely. "You can give what money you like to the sale, my dear, but those horrid old coats you shall not have. I am sick to death of the sight of them."

Dinner (we had a particularly good dinner that night,—such is the wiliness of womanhood—) partially restored my equanimity, and when later on the dear thing brought her knitting into my smoking-room ("just to keep me company and have a cosy chat") I had more or less resigned myself to the loss of my coats.

"Now, dear, you are coming to the sale on Saturday like a good boy, aren't you? Everybody will be so disappointed if you don't come." And after a little more coaxing and flattery on her part and some grumbling on my own, I was weak enough to consent to be present at

my own martyrdom. It occurred to me among other things that there was just a chance of my being able to buy in one or two of my own coats. "But what am I to do when I get there?" I enquired.

"Oh we have quite settled that, dear. We want you to be a shop-lifter; we think you would do it so well."

A shop-lifter! Had the dear lady taken leave of her senses? True, I had once in my life played the part of burglar in a country-house, when having betrayed some scepticism as to the infallibility of a scheme devised by my host for the capture of any marauder by day or night, I had been challenged to act as an amateur cracksman. So far as my memory goes, I was not on that occasion expected to walk off with any portable property, but merely to run the gauntlet of some dozen watchers who had been drilled to take up certain positions about the grounds when the pealing of the burglar-bell warned them that their services were required. And more by luck than judgment I had, strange to relate, emerged triumphant from the ordeal, escaping perils not merely of the authorised gang of burglar-catchers, of alarum-bells, and of search-lights, but greater perils of impromptu and far more dangerous performers in the shape of a game keeper armed with a shot-gun, and an itinerant shepherd (who had elected to go courting that night) accompanied by a collie dog warranted to bite strangers. That mine host in his zeal for my capture ran up against a tree and took a glorious black eye, that the shepherd's dog bit the keeper by mistake, and the shepherd himself fell into a fountain, were only a few of many incidents that tended to my preservation. But though I may not profess to be very

well versed in these matters, I am inclined to think that it by no means follows that the successful midnight burglar will of necessity be equally happy as a shop-lifter in broad daylight. That the temptation to play the part on this occasion was almost overpowering is a mere matter of detail. "A shop-lifter?" I exclaimed then.

"Oh yes, dear, you know what I mean, one of those nice-looking young men who walk about the shop, and show people to a counter, and tell them where to find things that they want to buy. They have them at Whiteley's and Snelgrove's and lots of other places; and they are so useful."

"Oh a shop-walker!" and a shop-walker I consented to become, though, now that the other idea had been put into my head, I will plead guilty to having done a little bit of preliminary lifting on my own account that night after my wife had gone to bed, when I rescued a third particularly useful and well-beloved coat which I took off a hat-peg and hid behind some books until the tyranny was overpast. It was rather unfortunate, by the way, that my wife should have still retained in her mind the idea that a shop-lifter and a shop-walker were synonymous terms, and that she should have written round to sundry friends and relations after this fashion. "We are going to have a rummage sale on Saturday, and I am going to be one of the saleswomen; it will be great fun. George is very good about it and has promised to act as a shop-lifter. Don't you think he will look the part well? We shall all know what trade to take to if hard times come." A result of one of those letters is that my good Aunt Elizabeth, from whom I had some expectations, is not half so affectionate as she used to be, and

two days ago forwarded me a tract with some comments on the eighth commandment underlined in red ink. It is really rather hard that a man should be held responsible for his wife's criminal ignorance of her native language.

By way of filling up the gaps which my self-defensive theft had left in my conscience, I devoted a considerable portion of the following morning to polishing up the blades and handles of some two dozen or more perfectly impossible razors which had accumulated in my drawer, and to the boiling of as many briarwood pipes, which had grown too powerful even for my seasoned palate. The razors, put into penny cases, commanded a ready sale at sixpence apiece, and as every other man in the choir appeared in the church on the Sunday morning with a chin plentifully adorned with scratches and sticking-plaster, it was gratifying to feel that the purchasers had lost no time in trying their new possessions. Also I imagine that those patriotic gentlemen and ladies (for a certain amount of women in our parish do smoke) who invested in twopenny pipes may have acquired a more certain knowledge of the potency of nicotine than they had ever previously dreamed of. At any rate on the morning after the sale, when I asked my Scotch gardener, who has a thrifty mind, what he had bought, this was his answer: "I jist bocht a bonnie wee pipe, Master George, and I thoct I'd, mebbe, like to smoke it. But though I winna say that it made me sick entirely, I thoct I'd just pit it i' the post and send it hame to my auld father. It'll please him fine." If I had my doubts as to the pleasure which the old gentleman was likely to derive from an intimate acquaintanceship with this filial offer-

ing I thought it best at the time to suppress them.

The sale took place in what the Local Press was pleased to call a commodious barn, which did very well for the purpose, though it was slightly suggestive of spiders overhead and rats underfoot, and in rather unpleasant proximity to a densely populated pigsty. But as to a picnic the possibility of ants and beetles, coupled with the certainty of tolerable discomfort, so to a rummage sale the possibility of rats and spiders, together with the active existence of a well-flavoured pigsty, must be held to tend to the greater hilarity of the proceedings.

It is only fair to state that my wife and her sister saleswomen looked their parts well enough, wearing as they did long alpaca aprons, and an air of importance calculated to convey to the minds of the customers that they had to deal with vendors entirely up to date and to everything else. In one respect our ladies may be held to have even surpassed the ordinary shop-girl of the period, inasmuch as each and every one of them had hanging from her waist a small black bag containing five shillings' worth of coppers. Not that I will in any way vouch for the presence of the exact sum, as I may remark that the small insight which my position as shop-walker gave me into the arithmetical powers of the fair vendors did not convict any one of them of any pretension to take a high place in the Mathematical Tripos. Indeed I shortly found that my services in the way of addition and subtraction of petty figures were much in vogue at most of the counters; and I was constantly called upon to grapple with such intricate questions as the exact difference between seven pence and half-a-crown, or the proper amount of change to be given when

a half-sovereign was tendered for an article priced at three shillings and fourpence. As mythology assures us that Juno and Minerva bore a lasting grudge against the luckless Paris, so too I am convinced that half the old women in the parish will to their dying day repeat the tale how "That 'ere George dished us at the rubbidge sale." However, I may find comfort in the wise aphorism of dear old Tom Campion. "It's my belief," he told me one day, "as a man as no one calls (*Anglice*, abuses) is a born idiot."

Direful were the consequences when the Rector (who as a bachelor ought to have known better) wandered in the direction of an underclothing-stall presided over by a blushing spinster of sixty-four,—at least that is the age my wife puts her at. There, as being, in virtue of his position and his character for learning, supposed to know a bit of everything, he was at once tackled by a buxom materfamilias, who had pitched upon a suit of my excellent pyjamas as a sort of useful all-round set of garments. "Which I counts as the coat would fit my Bill, and them 'ere little trousers wur made a purpose for our Betsy Jane."

"Pooh, pooh, nonsense, my good woman," exclaimed the Rector thus appealed to, as he adjusted his spectacles to examine more carefully the aforesaid garments. "Can't have a girl wearing trousers in our village, wouldn't do, you know. Petticoats, must have petticoats; those are the proper things for a girl, you know."

"Lor bless your heart alive, Sir, as if any of my girls 'ud go out without their petticoat. But you see, Sir, there's other things besides; there's—"

"Oh don't talk to me, my good woman; I don't know anything about it. You had better go and ask,—tut, tut," and then, catching sight of me,



he finished up with, "Master, no, of course I mean Mrs. George;" and I noticed that he took very good care not to venture within a dozen yards of that particular stall for the rest of the afternoon.

Our new Curate, a particularly shy and bashful young man, who had thrown himself heart and soul into the affair, came off no better than his superior officer, being ignominiously routed and even driven off the field of action by another of the village matrons, a lady with a strident voice and more than feminine pertinacity. Having first bought a rather gaudy-coloured petticoat and then, on going home to try the effect, discovered that no amount of coaxing would induce a garment built for a slight figure to fasten round her portly person, Mrs. Ives had returned to the sale with the fixed determination to get rid of a bad bargain. Finding that none of her friends and neighbours were inclined to take the petticoat off her hands, she suddenly bore down upon the Curate, whose marriage-banns had been given out in church on the preceding Sunday. "Now do-a buy it, Mister Owen, Sir," and she brandished the petticoat before his eyes, "it's nobbut eighteen pence; and what's that to a rich young gentleman like you as is going to be married and all? Just you think how nice your young lady would look in it, a trotting along about the parish with a nice smart petticoat. There's no knowing as she wouldn't like it to get married in; leastways there's many a one as I knows as would;" and as she indulged in a good many vain repetitions of this and similar remarks all uttered in a very high key, the Curate found discretion the better part of valour and suddenly remembered that he had a very important engagement somewhere at the other end of the parish.

My pigman was kind enough to look in several times in the course of the day just to see, as he expressed it, "how things was a rolling along," or in other words if there was anything special in the way of a bargain. On the occasion of his third visit, departing from his usual habits of secrecy, he waxed quite communicative and informed me that he intended to spend five shillings, "jest to keep the thing a going like," and then taking me aside, he added; "So I'll just take a look round and see if I can't pick up summat as my old 'ooman 'ud like. Must keep 'em in a good temper, else they frets and goes off like pigs, don't 'em, Mister George?" Then, by way of at once salving his conscience in that direction and of getting full value for his money, he invested part of his capital in a twopenny bundle. As I happened to know that the principal contents of that particular bundle were some frayed collars and discarded ties of my own, I doubt whether the pigman's wife found the articles entirely to her liking; but we will hope that she took the will for the deed, or that she made a little profit when she came to realise. For, as I had occasion to know, the Rector's boots were not the only things sold at our Rummage Sale which found a fresh owner later on. Towards the end of the day the pigman, having by judicious outlay got rid of half the money he wished to invest, suddenly set his affections upon a large and fairly sound parrot-cage.

"Look you here, Mister," he said accosting me; "they've gone and stuck four bob on that 'ere kedge, and no one aren't a going to buy a thing like that,—t'ain't likely, is it?—but I'll just tell-ee what I will do; I'll just gie ye a half-crown for it, and take it off straight, and won't arst no questions."

"You are quite welcome to ask as many questions as you like, my friend," I retorted; "but it does not follow that you are going to get that cage for a half-crown."

"Well if I don't buy it, there's never a one as will;" and as that was rather my own opinion, I finally sold him the cage at his own price.

"I didn't know that you had got a parrot," I remarked as I handed him the cage.

"Not likely," he replied, with a disagreeably familiar wink. "We don't want no parrits, not you and me as have gotten wives of our own; we gets plenty of talking at home wiout no parrits. But I knows a party as is an old woman and aren't got no husband either, as have got a parrit as someone give her; and she were letting on the other day as how she wanted a kedge, so I just steps round and arsts her what she'll stand for one."

"You old scoundrel!" I exclaimed; "and how much are you going to make out of it?"

"Don't you arst no questions, Mister George, and then you won't get no wrong answers"; and with that he shouldered his cage, and I saw him no more.

Another person who, from his own point of view, did a good bit of business that day was our sexton, Job Billing. He stopped me in the street as I was going home after the sale and, after a preliminary hiccough, thus addressed me. "Do yer mind that spade as I bought un for fourpence, as he'd do for to dig graves with, Master George?"

"Well no, I don't exactly."

"A good spade it were then, as I sold 'un for two quarts down at t' Stag yonder. Lor, how I wish as there was a rummick sale twice a week." And hearing this, even though the choir have got their cassocks, and the Rector has a substantial balance in hand, I am still rather doubtful whether that other purpose of our Rummage Sale,—to wit, benefiting the deserving poor of the parish—has been fully attained.

## THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO.

DURING the last year the deep-seated prejudice of the Whites of the Southern States of America toward the Negro has been more in evidence than at any time since the years immediately following the Civil War, when the Ku Klux held the former slave States in its grip and defied the power of the Federal Government. For a year past the crimes of the Whites against the Blacks have been unparalleled in their ferocity and wantonness. The South no longer pretends even to tolerate the Negro; its public men and its newspapers make no concealment of their feelings. General Butler, formerly United States Senator from South Carolina, has publicly asserted that the only solution of the race-problem is for the Negroes to be segregated from the Whites; in North Carolina an attempt is now being made to disfranchise the Negro voters; in Eastern Texas and South-western Louisiana the Negro, by the aid of the ever-present shot-gun, is being gradually driven out of the rural districts and forced to huddle in the cities. This wide-spread movement is so important in its consequences as affecting the relations between the two races that it has naturally attracted the most serious consideration from legislators as well as humanitarians. The question leads to a discussion of so many interesting sociological, economic, and political problems that the consideration of the two races in the South, at the time when the United States is about still further to increase its coloured population by the acquisition

of colonies where the coloured race predominates, may not be inopportune.

In the Southern States,—in fact throughout the Union, though it is only in the Southern States that the coloured vote is a factor—the Negro, with few exceptions, is a Republican. He owes his freedom to the Republican party, his slavery was made possible by Democratic ascendancy; it is therefore natural that he should show his gratitude by voting for the Republicans. Hence the Republican party in the South has come to be known as the Black Man's party, the party of the Negro. The Democratic party of the South is the White Man's party, the party of respectability, of culture, of traditions; it is *l'ancienne noblesse* which remembers the time when Black Men were chattels and might be treated according to the whim of the moment. It has never reconciled itself to the new order of things, to the revolution which made a Black Man the equal of the White in the eyes of the law, which permitted him to make laws for the White, often his former owner or the son of the man who bought or sold him. In the North it has been possible, it has often happened, for men to forget party to defend or sustain a principle; in the South this has been impossible. The line of cleavage has been sharply drawn. The Whites allied themselves against the Blacks; the fear of Negro domination has been the Democratic *jehad* which when preached has always been successful. This fear, real or assumed, solidified the South and

made it regarded as invulnerable to Republican assault.

The White Man of the South asserts that the Negro is a menace to the home and the honour of women; that is his palliation for the lynching of the Negro. The highest duty of man, he contends, is to protect women, and when the Negro transgresses he invites his death; but to make the death more horrible, to serve as a warning to his race, it must be summary vengeance; it must be death with all its terrors, death usually at the scene of the crime and before the criminal has time for repentance. The law is too slow, too cumbersome, too doubtful to be trusted; only Judge Lynch can be relied upon, and Judge Lynch is always a hanging judge and would make Bloody Jeffreys blush for very shame. Another argument used by the Southerner in extenuation of his conduct is that manhood-suffrage having made the vicious and ignorant Negro the political equal of the virtuous and highly civilised White, it is repulsive that the Black Man shall rule and govern and make laws for the Whites. It was asserted by the Democratic speakers and newspapers during the last campaign in North Carolina that the States were being Negroised and in danger of being dominated by the Blacks; this was the only excuse the Whites gave for their determination not to permit the Negroes to vote, the same excuse which the South has always offered when it condescends to defend a Negro massacre. But it is inconceivable that a minority can dominate a majority; it is still more inconceivable that an uneducated, timorous, poor, and leaderless minority is a menace to a majority claiming to possess education and courage, with money sufficient to carry out its plans, and in control of troops, police, and

other governmental agencies. A few figures from the last census answers the repeated assertion that the Whites of the South are in danger of being swamped by the Blacks.

At the last census (1890) the population of the United States was 62,622,250, of which 54,983,890, or 87·80 per cent. were white, and 7,470,040, or 11·93 per cent. were coloured. The difference in the total (·27 per cent.) consists of Japanese, Chinese and Indians, generically grouped as coloured but not entering into present calculations. For census purposes the Union was divided into five great divisions. In the South Atlantic division were the States of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, District of Columbia; in the South Central division the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma. Practically the entire coloured population was in these two divisions. The population of the South Atlantic division was 8,857,920, of which 5,592,149, or 63·13 per cent. were white and 3,265,771, or 36·83 per cent. black. In the South Central division were 10,972,893 souls, 7,487,576 white and 3,485,317 black, the percentage being 68·24 and 31·71. These figures are interesting when compared with those of the previous census. In 1880 the Whites were 86·54 per cent. of the entire population as against 87·80 per cent. ten years later; the Blacks were 13·12 per cent. in 1880 and only 11·93 per cent. in 1890. Numerically the Blacks had increased from 6,580,793 in 1880 to 7,470,040 in 1890, but their fecundity was smaller in proportion to that of the Whites. In the last hundred years the Whites have increased from 80·73 per cent. to 87·80 per cent.; the coloured have decreased from 19·27 per cent. to 11·93 per cent. "The proportion of

the coloured element," the superintendent of the census said, "is to-day less than two thirds what it was at the beginning of the century." From 1880 to 1890 the Whites in the South Atlantic division increased 20·16 per cent., the Blacks 10·93 per cent.; in the South Central division the former increased 26·88 per cent., the latter 15·49 per cent. In the South Atlantic division the white males of voting age were 1,338,368, against 677,210 black; in the South Central division 1,773,347 white against 739,357 black. In three States,—South Carolina, Louisiana, and Mississippi—the Blacks exceed the Whites. The population of North Carolina is 1,617,947, of which 1,055,382 are white and 562,565 coloured.

These figures ought to be convincing. They show that not only is the White Man numerically superior, but that while he increases about twenty-five per cent. in ten years the increase of the black race is only about one half of that figure. Governor Russell of North Carolina is the authority for the statement that in a legislature composed of one hundred and seventy members only eleven were coloured; for every seventy white voters there are thirty coloured.

A short explanation of the way in which an electoral campaign is conducted in a Southern State will show how the Whites maintain their supremacy and make a farce of a free ballot. In 1896, the year of the *débâcle* in American politics, North Carolina elected a Republican governor, for the first time in nearly thirty years, and simultaneously a legislature which returned a Republican to the United States Senate. A Republican governor and a Republican legislature, being politicians, did what politicians are always expected to do in the United States,—they rewarded

their political followers by appointing them to office. Negroes were given places in the gift of the State administration; President McKinley appointed Negroes to Federal offices. The Democrats raised a cry of Negro domination, and at a mass meeting held a few days before the election presented this indictment:

In many of the counties, cities, and towns the local governments have been turned over wholly or in part to the Negro. In these counties, cities, and towns Negroes may be found holding the offices of Register of Deeds, Deputy-Sheriffs, Constables, Justices of the Peace, school-committeemen, and the like. In several other counties many of these offices are filled by Negroes, and many of the post-offices are filled by them. There are now in office in counties and towns in Eastern North Carolina nearly one thousand Negroes, there being nearly three hundred Negro magistrates alone. As a consequence of turning these local offices over to the Negroes, bad government has followed, homes have been invaded, and the sanctity of women endangered. Conditions have become so intolerable in these communities that they can no longer be tolerated or endured.

We have contemplated no violence, but we are determined to use all proper means to free ourselves of this Negro domination, which is paralysing our business and which hangs like a dark cloud over our homes. We declare it is not our purpose to do the Negro any harm. It is better for him, as well as for us, that the White Man shall govern, but while we propose to protect and encourage him in all his rights and duties of citizenship, we affirm that North Carolina shall not be Negroised.

Very concisely the Whites had stated the issue: *North Carolina shall not be Negroised*. This was the only issue in the campaign. The foreign policy of the Government, the tariff, the currency were all lost sight of; Whites might divide on these questions, but on the question of white domination there could be no division. This was not the first time the

Whites had announced their decision to end Negro domination, and the Negroes knew what it portended. It was an open challenge to any Negro to vote for the Republican party at his peril, to take his life in his hands if he attempted to exercise the right of suffrage granted him by the constitution.

The Democratic threat that the coloured men should not be permitted to vote was made good. In Wilmington, a prosperous town of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, the most extraordinary measures were adopted. The city was divided by the Whites into districts, each in command of a lieutenant, a captain being in command of six lieutenants. Each district had its armed force, each district had its place of refuge to which the women and children were to fly when the expected (and carefully planned) race-war broke out; two thousand Winchester rifles, it was said on good authority, were distributed among private residences; in the armoury of the local militia was a new Gatling gun. All these ominous preparations pointed to the determination of the Whites to suppress the Negro vote. In the language of a newspaper writer not unfriendly to the Whites, to say the least: "If the Negroes vote on election day they will do so at the peril of their lives. . . . The outlook is that they [the Negroes] will stay at home on election-day, and the White Man's ticket will be triumphant. Not because the White Men are in the majority, but because none but White Men will be allowed to vote." With passions aroused and public sentiment inflamed the Whites were getting ready to use the Winchester rifles and Gatling guns. A few newspaper extracts written

during the week before the election show better than anything else the lengths to which the Whites were prepared to go.

The newspapers [writes the correspondent of a Northern paper] collect and print in large black type every case of attempted outrage by Negro men upon white women, and then appeal to the White Men of the State to rise in their might and vote against every candidate who consorts with a Negro. Affidavits from Northern Republicans who have become Democrats through disgust with the Negro fill many columns. Letters are printed from farmers' wives, who pray white voters to save them from ruin, and items connecting Negroes with all manner of crimes are given daily prominence. The utterances of Republican campaigners which tend to intensify the feelings are published in double column, with display-type headings. In one particular instance the stump speaker is credited with having told the Negroes that they were the best race of people on earth, and advised them to throw their arms around white girls. According to the printed account, the orator was met by three hundred of "our most determined citizens," compelled to stand up in his buggy and retract, and then driven out of town with short shrift.

In the meantime, the excitement is kept at fever heat by the newspapers, which print little or nothing that does not relate to the race-war. Especial prominence is given to items of which the following headlines are fair examples: *Estimable Lady Grossly Insulted by a Black Negro*; *An Impertinent Negro puts in his Lip and Narrowly escapes being Roughly Handled*; *Black Scoundrel Assaults a White Man*; *Negro Youths Assault and Rob a Venerable and Highly-Esteemed Citizen on a Principal Street*; *Insolent Negroes Parade, Arm Themselves, and March through the Streets of Wilmington*. Every one of these headlines is taken from a single issue of a daily paper in Raleigh.

In the same issue is a dispatch which tells how a young Negro ran off with a white woman. He was caught by a mob and disappeared before he reached the next town. "Although his fate is shrouded in mystery," writes the laconic



correspondent, with almost sardonic humour, "it is believed that he has been lynched."

Dozens of similar extracts might be given, but enough has been printed to show that the Democratic leaders, men of wealth and standing, supposed to be respectable and moral, were working night and day to inflame the passions of their followers, preaching murder and willing to become murderers to prevent the Negroes from voting. Contrary to expectation the election passed off quietly and resulted in a Democratic victory. On the following day the expected race-war broke out; a dozen or more Negroes were murdered, twice as many badly wounded; not a single White Man was killed. Wilmington was given over to anarchy. The mayor, the chief of police, the Negro aldermen, in fact, all the Republican officials, were forced to resign their offices and white Democrats assumed them. White supremacy had triumphed.

So much for the past; what of the future of the two races? Before proceeding to an examination of that question it may be necessary to consider the causes which lead the Whites to believe they are justified in keeping the Blacks in a state of subjection. It has already been said that the former maintain that it is an inversion of natural laws for a superior and highly civilised race to become subject to an inferior race still wearing the shackles of slavery. The Negro, according to his white accuser, is lazy, thriftless, unfit to govern himself and therefore totally unfit to govern others, undisciplined, brutal; a beast with all the unrestrained passions of a beast, whose very presence is a menace to his white neighbour, especially to white women. It has been shown that, inasmuch as the Whites are numerically in the majority, the fear of Negro domina-

tion is a phantom only. Of the other accusations brought against the Negro, accusations affecting his character morally, intellectually, and industrially, it may be conceded that they are true, although exaggerated. The Negro is not all bad, and for much of his badness he may thank his associations. As a slave the Negro learned nothing from his Southern master except the lesson of unrestrained passion, of cruelty, of depravity, of the triumph of material over moral forces. As a freeman he has learned to despise and fear his former master because he is both despised and feared by him; he has learned that he is of an inferior race whose rights the superior race will ignore and violate on every occasion; neither by precept nor example has he profited. Little as the Negro has to thank the Southerner, still less has the Southern White to feel any gratitude to the Negro. The real curse of slavery is only now at this late day being understood, and, as usual, the third and fourth generations are paying for the sins of the first. The South is morally and intellectually inferior to the North, and this inferiority, I believe, is directly attributable to the fact that the South from the time of the Confederation until the Civil War was denied what has been the salvation of every other race, the strengthening of the upper classes by intermarriage with the peasantry. Races die at the top and need to be fed from the bottom, from men and women who actually spring from the soil. The human race can no more live without contact with Mother Earth than can trees or flowers. What perhaps more than anything else has made the Englishman and the American of the Northern States the virile, energetic, hardy man he is, is the constant mingling of the blood

Whites had announced their decision to end Negro domination, and the Negroes knew what it portended. It was an open challenge to any Negro to vote for the Republican party at his peril, to take his life in his hands if he attempted to exercise the right of suffrage granted him by the constitution.

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of the classes. King Cophetua could marry a beggar-maid to the advantage of the royal house; the heir to an English dukedom may be only three generations removed from an American farmer. The South has been denied this inestimable blessing. In the true sense of the word there has never been a Southern peasantry. The Black Man, who tilled the fields and performed the functions of the peasant, was a slave and not a free peasant. There was no chance for him to rise in the social scale or to be the founder of a family. The slave woman might be, and often was, the concubine of her master; she could never aspire to be his wife. Black slavery was more destructive than any other form of slavery the world has ever known. One does not need to search very deep into history to know that in the days of white slavery women of the enslaved race were the mothers of children whose free fathers frequently educated them and who became no insignificant factors in affairs of state. These things were possible when the offspring of the illegitimate union were of the same colour and facial characteristics as the father; they were impossible when the child of a slave bore the brand of slavery in his colour and face; there was no hope for him, nothing to live for except the eternal degradation of the curse of slavery.

In preventing a replenishment of the blood, in preventing the strain of the soil from mixing in the arteries of the social classes above them, the Negro laid a curse upon the South; but that was not all. From time immemorial certain tasks were assigned to the Blacks, tasks which no self-respecting White Man might be permitted to undertake. The division of labour was as rigidly and narrowly drawn as in the most autocratic of military systems. Certain things an

officer may do; other things he is not permitted to do. So it was in the South. What a White Man might be permitted to do was part of the social code, and it could not be transgressed. Furthermore, the white planter, the great slave-owner, had his energy destroyed by being waited upon and attended by slaves, who performed services which the master, living up to the requirements of his own social code, regarded as derogatory, but which men, where the institution of slavery was unknown, did for themselves to their moral and physical profit. Of course, it should be remembered that in talking of the Whites of the South one refers to the landed proprietors, the men who, until the Civil War sounded the death of slavery, were the aristocracy of America. There always was an inferior social white class, never a genuine peasantry, which is to be found to this day. The Poor Whites, the White Trash, as they are popularly termed, is no misnomer. Between the Poor Whites of the South, who live principally in the mountains and have never seen a railway-train (but who, no matter how poor, always own a gun and a mongrel cur) and the Negro there is little to choose; if anything, perhaps, the Negro is less illiterate, but no less revengeful, passionate, and superstitious.

I confess to a feeling of sympathy for the White Man of the South. Until thirty-five years ago he lived what to him was the only life fit for a gentleman. He was rich, generous, and hospitable; he was the owner of vast estates and numerous slaves; he lived almost in feudal style; he held in his hands the lives of his subjects; he married and intermarried in his own caste; he felt himself to be above and apart from the rest of his race. It was not the highest ideal of life: it was not a life which broadened

or ennobled; but it was the one the Southerner knew, and to which he clung with passionate love. In the early days of the Republic, when the strain had not been vitiated, when the effect of the blood of the Beggar Maid was still making itself felt, the South gave to the country its great men, men great in statesmanship, learning, and philosophy, and Virginia, a Southern State, proudly wore the title of Mother of Presidents. Then came the war, a war which destroyed the political supremacy of the South, which ruined the great land-owners, which bathed the land in blood and carried desolation to every Southern hearth, which worked a social revolution and placed the Negro (up to that time a chattel, a thing, something without a soul and with a body valuable only as a commercial asset like a horse or plough,) on the same political equality as his former master. Suppose the Indian Mutiny had been successful, suppose Englishmen from the governing class had become the governed, suppose owing to great property interests they were still compelled to live as servants where formerly they had been masters; suppose these things and one can understand, and yet not completely, the feelings of the Southerner. He had fought for years in the forum to preserve and perpetuate the institution of slavery; finally, finding oratorical weapons powerless, he had drawn the sword to protect what he firmly believed to be his rights. It is pure speculation to say that had slavery not existed there would have been no civil war; but it is history, so far as the South is concerned, that the war was waged to maintain the supremacy of slavery.

In dealing with this question it is extremely difficult to break away from preconceived prejudices or not to be influenced by environment. The

Northern man, or the foreigner who knows only the Northern Negro civilised and humanised by contact with higher civilisation, fails to understand the antipathy of the Southerner. Personally I have employed Negroes for years as domestic servants; I have had them labour for me in various capacities; I have spent much time in the South. The Negro I find to be neither better nor worse than the white man or woman of the same class and same intellectual capacity. A black nurse or cook or manservant will shirk work, is frequently careless, often dishonest, not rarely impudent. But so are white servants, if the testimony of friends is to be trusted. On the other hand, the Negro is, as a general thing, a willing and hard worker, faithful in his own way to his employer's interests, and capable at times of displaying rare devotion. I recall the case of a nurse who, when a savage dog broke loose, thought first of her charge, my child, and afterwards of herself. And yet this girl was rather more stupid than the average of her race, and needed to be constantly looked after to be kept up to the mark.

The Southerner continually tells the Northerner that he is incapable of judging the Negro, as there is no similarity between the Negro of the North and the Negro of the South. I admit that the Southern Negro is inferior to his Northern brother, for the reasons which I have already given; but the Northern man looks at the Negro question from a point of view entirely different from that of the Southerner. The Northerner is prepared to accept the Negro in his place and give him a chance to develop his own salvation; to the Southerner the mere sight of the Negro is a perpetual reminder of what he has lost, of the wrongs, as he views it, that the Negro has inflicted



upon him. Hence comes this bitterness, this irreconcilable feud, this burning feeling for revenge, which finds its expression in the shooting, lynching, and burning of Blacks. Even the most hardened of criminals seeks to justify his crime; and the Southerner in extenuation pleads that the sanctity of the home and the preservation of the social system demand these barbarous punishments.

Iteration and reiteration have made the Southerner believe that the Negro is incapable of civilisation, of intellectual development, of habits of thrift. The Negro, perhaps, has not come up to the expectation of his admirers who, when he was manumitted, welcomed him as a brother and painted his future in glowing colours. Yet when one recalls that after centuries of the most degraded savagery, after years of oppression and stunted mental development, his civilisation dates back only thirty years, the progress he has already made must be regarded as marvellous. In an address delivered before the Baptist Home Mission Society in 1896, by Dr. Edward Mitchell, President of Leland University, New Orleans, this language was used:

The Southern Negroes are not all living in one-room cabins, of which we have heard much recently. There are better homes than mine owned by Negroes in New Orleans. There are plenty of ex-slaves in Louisiana who are richer than their former masters. There are over three hundred thousand homes and farms owned by Negroes in the South without incumbrance. Six years ago Southern Negroes were paying taxes on nearly three hundred millions of dollars. The white Baptists of the South had a church-property worth eighteen millions of dollars, the accumulation of two hundred years. The Negro Baptists at the same date (twenty-six years out of slavery) had acquired a church-property of over nine millions.

Has the Negro made any advance in the scale of civilisation since his

manumission, or is the White Man of the South justified in regarding him as a savage incapable of advancement? It has been shown that illiteracy is disappearing; that the Negro is living in greater comfort and establishing a well-endowed church. That the Negro has a certain commercial ability cannot be denied. Professor Dubois, a Negro, a graduate of Harvard and of the University of Pennsylvania, at present Professor of Sociology in the University of Atlanta, Georgia, at the request of the United States Department of Labour made a careful investigation of social and economic conditions existing in Farmville, Virginia, a town of about two thousand people. "The entire brickmaking business of Farmville and vicinity," he says, "is in the hands of a coloured man, a freedman, who bought his own and his family's freedom, purchased his master's estate, and eventually hired his master to work for him. He owns a thousand acres or more of land in Cumberland County and considerable farm-property. Probably over one half the brick houses in and near Farmville are built of bricks made in his establishment, and he has repeatedly driven white competitors out of the business." Professor Dubois's report is of such extreme interest that I should like to be able to quote it more liberally, but the limits of this article will only allow me to use one more citation.

It was particularly noticeable [he says] that three families in the town, who by reason of their incomes and education would have naturally moved in the best circle, were rigidly excluded. In two of these there were illegitimate children, and in the third a wayward wife. Of the Farmville families about forty, possibly fewer, belong to the highest class. . . . In all, there would appear to be about forty-five or fifty families of Negroes who are below the line of ordinary respectability, living in loose sexual relationship,



responsible for most of the illegitimate children, chief supporters of the liquor-shops, and furnishing a half-dozen street-walkers and numerous gamblers and rowdies. . . . These slum elements are not particularly vicious and quarrelsome, but rather shiftless and debauched. Laziness and promiscuous sexual intercourse are their besetting sins. Considerable whiskey and cider are consumed, but there is not much open drunkenness. Undoubtedly this class severely taxes the patience of the public authorities of the town.

The remaining one hundred and seventy or more families, the great mass of the population, belong to a class between the two already described, with tendencies toward the better class rather than toward the worse. This class is composed of working people, domestic servants, factory-hands, porters, and the like; they are a happy-minded, sympathetic people, teachable and faithful; at the same time they are not generally very energetic or resourceful, and, as a natural result of long repression, lack "push." They have but recently become used to responsibility, and their moral standards have not yet acquired that fixed character and superhuman sanction necessary in a new people. Here and there their daughters have fallen before temptation, or their sons contracted slothful or vicious habits. However, the effort to maintain and raise the moral standard is sincere and continuous. No black woman can to-day, in the town of Farmville, be concubine to a white man without losing all social position, a vast revolution in twenty years; no black girl of the town can have an illegitimate child without being shut off from the best class of people and looked at askance by ordinary folks. Usually such girls find it pleasanter to go North and work at service, leaving their children with their mothers.

Ingrained and inherent prejudices account for much of the White Man's animosity against the Negro, but not for all, nor the reason for the unusually bitter attitude of the Whites during the past year or two. For the proper explanation we must understand the industrial revolution which has transformed the South. During the last few years the South, hitherto a purely agricultural country, has

turned its attention to manufacturing, and these changed economic conditions have brought corresponding changes in social conditions. The building of great iron furnaces in Alabama and Tennessee, the erection of textile and cotton mills in Georgia and the Carolinas, the creation of industrial centres in nearly every Southern State, have made the younger generation of Blacks understand that there are greater opportunities than to work in the rice-swamps of the Carolinas, the sugar-plantations of Louisiana, or the cotton-fields of Mississippi. Since the Negro has ceased to be simply an agriculturist and has become an artisan he presents a menace to the White Man as great as does the Chinaman to the inhabitant of the Pacific Coast, and it is probably known to most English readers that the agitation of Dennis Kearney and the Sandloters of San Francisco, which resulted in the Chinese Exclusion Act, was to preserve the labour-market against the inroads of the Chinese, who demand lower wages than the American or European. "The poor white men," says General Butler, "who have to earn their bread by the sweat of their faces, cannot compete with cheap Negro labour. To attempt to do so, implies their degradation and ultimate destruction or expatriation. One race must go to the wall, and with the kindest feelings of good will toward the Negro, I must side with my own race. . . . Let Mr. Tillman and those who join him as the guardians of the Negro put themselves in the Poor White Man's place and walk between plough-handles from sun-up till sun-down in competition with Negro labour at five dollars a month, a peck of meal, and three pounds of bacon a week."

A newspaper correspondent writing from New Orleans a short time ago said:

There has been considerable prejudice aroused against the Negroes in New Orleans by the fact that they have crowded into many of the trades, working for low wages, thus crowding out the Whites. They have almost monopolised bricklaying, and all the building trades; and they are doing most of the paving and other public work. Against this there have been numerous protests from the white labour-unions, and several attempts have been made to shut out the Negroes, but in vain. . . . The white labouring men are growing very restless under the competition of the cheap Negro labour pouring into the city, which labour has been crowded out of the rural districts; and this industrial competition has re-aroused a great deal of the old race-prejudice.

This accounts for the various industrial measures recently directed against the Negro, shutting him out of railroads, &c. An attempt was made at the extra session of the Legislature this month to close the street-cars to him; that is, not to allow him to use the same cars as the Whites; and if it failed it was not because of any sympathy for the Negro, but because the street-railroads protested against an act that would have largely increased their operating expenses, requiring them to run extra cars for the Negroes.

The race-question in the South-West is generally assuming an industrial form, which is operating unfavourably to the Negro, by turning against him the white labouring classes who believe that they are being crowded out of work by Negro competition, or that the standard of wages is kept low because of the small pay for which the Negroes are willing to work. The prevalent feeling in the South-West, therefore, particularly in those sections where there are manufactures, is that it would be wholly advantageous to get rid of the Negro altogether.

What are the deductions to be drawn from the foregoing facts and statements?

That the two diverse races now in the South [writes Dr. Curry] can ever perfectly harmonise while occupying the same territory no one competent to form an opinion believes. Mr. Bryce concludes that the Negro will stay socially distinct, as an alien element, unabsorbed and unabsorbable: that the presence in the same country of two distinctly marked races, having the same rights and privileges, of unequal capacities of development, — one long habituated to servitude, deprived of all power of initiative, of all high ideal, without patriotism beyond a mere weak attachment—is a blessing, is too absurd a proposition for serious consideration. Whether the great resources of the South are not destined, under existing conditions, to remain only partially developed, and whether agriculture is not doomed to barrenness of results, are economic and political questions alien to this discussion.

It seems to me that to economic causes one may look for the solution of this question. The South has ceased to be a purely agricultural country and is rapidly becoming a great manufacturing region. With the infusion of Northern and foreign blood, the old traditions and habits will vanish; with their departure will come new political conditions. The new White will often be a Republican, and the white Democrat will find it impossible to suppress his vote. Finally with the continued spread of intelligence among the coloured race and their advance in the scale of civilisation, with contact with Whites who are not their traditional enemies, and the breaking down of caste-prejudices among the old families of the South, there will come a better, a broader and a truer civilisation. The Negro need not despair.

A. MAURICE LOW.

## THE HUNTER.

THAT was the flashing of Orion's spear  
 Speeding its way half o'er the silent sky :  
 Stand still and hearken, if upon your ear  
 May fall the echo of his hunting cry,  
 His gusty laugh of triumph, for the dart  
 Struck, as it left our sight, the quarry's heart.

We saw his shoulders but an hour ago  
 Break through the misty border of the East ;  
 Fronting the heavenly slope he shone, below  
 Leaving the hall where shades of heroes feast ;  
 Now mounts he, with swift feet that never tire,  
 Girt with his jewel-studded belt of fire.

Broader are those still meadows of the skies  
 Whose bounds are clipped within the sun's wide girth,  
 Deeper vales dip, more rugged mountains rise,  
 Than those he trod upon the primal earth,  
 Though there the meadows scarce felt feet of man,  
 And the rough hills showed yet the hoof of Pan.

About his way lies the unfathomed night ;  
 A cloud enwraps him in its fleecy fold,  
 Or in clear heaven the moon sheds silver light ;  
 So hunts he till the East grows red and gold  
 About the feet of the ascending day,  
 Then ghostlike from the sky he fades away.

On the rough hill-flank where he struck the deer,  
 His eyes have seen great cities rise and pass,  
 For whose sole record in our day appear  
 Some heaps of broken stones beneath the grass ;  
 Pan in the woods and vales no longer stirs,  
 Passed into silence with his worshippers.

Even as he saw Earth's youth and lusty prime,  
 So shall he mark her life's slow ebb and wane  
 Throughout the æons of unmeasured time ;  
 And still the chase across the heavenly plain  
 Shall he pursue, when withered and fordome,  
 She turns, a dead globe round a dying sun.

W. H.

## THE CAMPAIGN OF DOUAL.

## CHAPTER X.

WHILE the wounded were thus being collected and made as comfortable as was possible in the circumstances, the remaining companies of the battalion came up the track leading from Hucqueliers, which had been of such service a few minutes before as a shelter against the shells of the artillery. The tramp of their footsteps on the hard surface of the road roused Walter from the reverie into which he had fallen, and leaping to his feet he commenced a careful inspection of his half company, paying special attention to the supply of ammunition. Each man on starting that morning had carried a hundred and fifty rounds, a hundred rounds in his pouches and the balance in his haversack; of this supply the men had on the average fired some forty rounds, a fact which Walter at once reported, his captain repeating the report to Colonel Daunt, who directed that the rounds remaining in the pouches and haversacks of the dead and wounded should be at once collected and distributed as far as possible to make up deficiencies. The ammunition-carts and mules of the battalion were now at hand, so that an ample supply was available; but what was collected from the casualties proved to be more than sufficient, a number of the injured, especially those men belonging to Captain Stephens's company, not having fired a shot before being struck down.

By this time the colour-sergeants of the two companies engaged had made out their roll of casualties, from

which it appeared that in Walter's company twenty-seven men had been killed and sixteen wounded, counting the men hit in the first skirmish, so that the strength of the company was now reduced to fifty-four non-commissioned officers and men. In Captain Stephens's company the losses were almost as severe, as it had its captain and eighteen men wounded, and nineteen men killed. Colonel Daunt looked very serious when these figures were reported to him, and riding over to the two companies, now closed and standing easy on the road, he congratulated them on the steadiness they had shown and on the extraordinary accuracy of their shooting.

"You have done very well, my lads," he said, "and I am very proud to command you. Your shooting could not have been better; I rode through the batteries from which you drove the French and your bullets had been everywhere. I'm not surprised you cleared them out. Remember that in your rifle you have the finest weapon in the world. Push in to a thousand yards or so and you'll be a match for any artillery in the world. You have done very well."

He stopped speaking and ran his eye keenly over the two companies. The men undoubtedly showed signs of the trial they had undergone. In the first place they were covered with dust, their faces were begrimed, many of them had slight wounds, caused by splinters of gravel, the blood from which having dried on their faces and clothing did not improve their appearance, while a harassed jaded air was clearly noticeable in all,

caused more by the severe strain to which their nerves had been subjected than by actual physical work. The Colonel turned his horse away with a sigh, and, summoning his adjutant, told him to send all the officers to him and to pass the order that the men might fall out. In a moment this was done, and the men who had not been engaged quickly crowded round those who had taken part in the fighting to question them on their experiences, and to find out who had been killed or wounded. Meanwhile the surgeons attached to the Brigade had cantered up, and were busy supervising the removal of the wounded to the temporary hospitals which were being hastily prepared in the village of Hucqueliers.

While this was going on Colonel Daunt informed the assembled officers that the Brigadier had determined to change the order of march of his brigade, and that the Fusiliers would now follow in rear instead of taking the lead. "This is no slur on us, gentlemen," he said. "The Brigadier is very well pleased with the manner in which the battalion has worked; but the day is hot, we have suffered a certain amount of loss and have had much more to do than the other battalions, so the Highlanders will now go on in our place, and we shall follow the Cumberland Regiment. That will do, gentlemen." The officers saluted and rejoined their companies, while the Colonel, dismounting from his horse, lighted a cigar and strolled thoughtfully to and fro, his hands clasped behind his back.

Walter and O'Neil were immediately surrounded by their brother subalterns, who were very envious of their good fortune in having been under fire. Many glasses were turned on the scene of the cavalry conflict, which even from that distance could

be plainly picked out by the numerous little specks, the victims of the combat, which were thickly strewn over the trampled ground; similar signs also showed the direction in which the combat had swayed towards the village of Avesnes. Looking more to the east, the wreck of the British horse-batteries could be clearly seen. It was now being inspected by a number of mounted officers, who were riding slowly through the guns, pulling up here and there to examine details which required particular notice. Further in the distance a number of teams were trotting to the spot to remove the guns and waggons. No sign of the enemy was to be seen, for Walter's view was limited by the villages of Herly and Avesnes to the south-east, by the gently rising ground between him and Rumilly to the east, and to the north by the higher ground above Ergny on the far side of the valley separating that village from Wicquinghem. The sound of firing had ceased, except for a distant mutter of artillery from the south-east, and all the higher ground in the direction in which the enemy had retired was now covered by the British mounted troops, who were slowly and cautiously advancing. The road between Maninghem and Avesnes was crowded with infantry, whom Walter assumed to belong to the First Corps, and the dust clouds rising as far as he could see, both to the north and south, told of the masses which were being pushed forward. The Highlanders who were to lead the Brigade in their advance were now halted, deployed along the sky-line, almost on the spot from which the Fusiliers had driven the French horse-batteries. Standing as they were, clearly defined against the blue haze of the distant landscape, there were many observations as to the excellent target they would offer;

while the other battalions of the Brigade, lying down on the stubble between the Fusiliers and the Highlanders, though in a much closer formation and considerably nearer, were by no means easy to see except with glasses. It was possible that a casual observer might have altogether overlooked their presence, so well did the neutral shades of their clothing harmonise with the tints of the ground on which they were lying.

Walter now looked at his watch and found to his surprise that it was only eleven o'clock; at the same time he became suddenly conscious that he was extremely hungry, and remembered with delight the sandwiches which he had that morning placed in his haversack. Many of the men were likewise busy with the bread they had brought with them, though they were not allowed to attack their more substantial rations without permission. Walter finished his sandwiches, lighted a cigarette, and throwing himself back against the bank between the roadway and the field, gazed lazily round him, at last feeling that his nerves had recovered their tone, and that he was fit again for any duty which might be required of him. His brother-officers were similarly engaged. It was too hot to talk, and they contented themselves with sprawling along the line of the roadway, some of them smoking, some of them dozing, one or two writing in pencil letters for home on the cover of their notebooks, and all, to all appearance, blissfully unconscious of such things as battle, murder, and sudden death. Colonel Daunt alone paced to and fro, now impatiently looking to where the Highlanders, by this time lying down, lined the high ground in front, now peering through his glasses at the distant columns still moving in steady pro-

gress on every road, and anon relapsing into a brown study, resuming his monotonous walk, his chin sunk on his chest, his hands clasped behind him.

Suddenly the attention of all, both officers and men, was attracted by a curious object soaring high in air over the troops marching along the road leading from the coast towards Maninghem. It appeared to consist of several large rectangular frames, connected in some manner, beneath which was suspended a small dark object. It moved rapidly, and soon the troops marching within view of the Fusiliers were seen to be crowding off the road to allow of the passage of a steam-motor to which this strange apparatus was attached. Colonel Daunt had been attracted by the men's surprise at seeing this queer object for the first time. He raised his glasses and looked at it for a moment.

"Do you mean to tell me that no one knows what that is?" he asked. No one volunteered an answer, and Colonel Daunt went on. "That's one of the new military kites. I knew there was some idea of trying it, should the wind prevent balloons being used. It's no new idea, as it was proved several years ago that men could be raised by kites quite safely, but somehow it has never been pushed enough. That dark speck under the kites is a man; he has a pretty good field of view up there, and is telephonically connected with someone below on the car. Of course he is a selected Staff-Officer. Perhaps you can see a dark line, rather thicker than the cords connecting the planes, vertically over the head of the man in the kite?" There was a general murmur of assent. "That's a parachute arrangement, so that he would have an easy fall, should an accident happen. On a



windy day like this the kite has a great pull, as you remember they could not manage the balloon at all this morning."

A number of mounted officers were trotting behind the motor from which the kite was flying, and behind them again followed a number of cyclists. The Fusiliers watched the strange apparatus with curiosity as it passed, some half a mile from them, till the motor and its attendants were hidden from their sight by the houses of Avesnes. The kite of course still remained in view, and before long it was noticed to be stationary, apparently flying over the high ground to the south-east of the village. Still there were no orders for the Brigade to move, and it was not till nearly an hour later (an hour spent by most of the Fusiliers in sleeping, their wide-brimmed hats shading their faces from the scorching sun,) that the Highlanders were seen to be falling in again. At the same time a man, with a flag in each hand, placing himself on the right of the Highlanders, where he could be plainly seen against the sky-line, began to signal an order for the Brigade to advance, the Fusiliers to close on the Cumberland Regiment. In a moment the sleepers were roused, the battalion fell in in line along the road beside which they had been resting, and all was ready for the advance. A moment more and the battalion was in motion, moving in line towards the hollow where the Cumberland Regiment had been resting, the men striding freely over the stubbles, their feet swishing through the burnt-up growth left by the reapers, the ammunition-carts jolting behind, and with them the two mules, lazy, half asleep in the heat, their long ears flopping at each step.

As the Fusiliers drew near to the remainder of the Brigade, the Cumberlanders went on after the Rifles who

were directly behind the Highlanders, each battalion in turn dipping into the hollow beyond the highway out of sight of the Fusiliers. Soon they passed over the ground on which the French horse-batteries had stood, and the loss which they had suffered could be plainly guessed from the number of dead, both men and horses, still lying where they had fallen. Walter asked a corporal, who with half a dozen men of the bearer-company, was stretched smoking under one of the poplars, if there had been many wounded French there. The man sprang to his feet: "Between thirty and forty, sir," he answered saluting, adding, as an after-thought, "We're waiting for the ambulance to come back, sir." This sounded a very considerable number to have been wounded in such a short encounter, and coupled with the dead, of whom there were at least a dozen stretched on the ground, bore a terrible testimony to the deadly accuracy of our rifle-fire.

Crossing the road the battalion found themselves about to descend into a hollow, across which the other battalions of the Brigade were now moving, presenting a fine appearance as the three long undulating lines swept on, now rising over a hillock in their path, now dipping as they passed a slight depression. On the road itself the carts of the Brigade ammunition-reserve were standing, and, as the Fusiliers passed, they followed bumping and rattling along behind the carts belonging to the battalion. Behind them again came some orderlies leading led horses. At the top of the ascent at the far side of the hollow the Brigadier, accompanied by his Brigade-Major, was waiting for his command. Each battalion as it came up to him, formed into column of route and moved in fours down the road leading to Rumilly.

As the battalion altered its forma-

tion, Walter noticed that the Brigadier rode up to Colonel Daunt and spoke to him, the Colonel reining his horse to one side and standing beside the General while his battalion defiled past. Walter noticed his quick eye searching the passing ranks till it suddenly rested on him. Evidently the Colonel was looking for him especially, as he beckoned to him, and the next moment Walter found himself standing before the General. The Brigadier, a short dark man with a sun-burned face and a quick vivacious manner, signed to Walter to approach, and leaning forward in his saddle, asked him if he would care to act as aide-de-camp for the rest of the campaign. "Poor Vincent," he said, "has been bowled over,—a bullet in the hip; you can have his horses, and I dare say we can find you a pair of spurs. That is all the kit you will want."

Walter was delighted at the offer, but glanced appealingly at his Colonel, hardly daring to accept without his permission. The General saw the glance and smiled. "Oh, I've made it all right," he said, "with your Colonel. You aren't so indispensable as all that. So that's settled. The orderly will give you Vincent's horse," and thus bringing the interview to an end, the General turned his horse's head and trotted on towards the front of his Brigade.

The orderly led Vincent's horse up to Walter and at the same time produced a pair of spurs, which he told Walter had belonged to his wounded predecessor. Walter buckled them on in a moment, swung himself into his saddle, finding the stirrups were the right length, and cantered briskly after his chief. He was a good horseman; at any time he would sooner, as he himself expressed it, "have a bad ride than a good walk," so his delight at thus finding himself

well mounted, and in a position where the opportunities of obtaining distinction would probably be much greater than in his former subordinate position, may be easily imagined. He had to run the gauntlet of a fire of good-natured chaff on his new dignity as he passed his battalion, now settled down into a steady swing, chaff which he rather enjoyed than otherwise, but he soon distanced his comrades and pulled up in rear of his chief, who, field-glasses in hand, was riding at a foot-pace in front of the leading files of the Highlanders.

For some little time they rode on in silence, the Brigadier, map in hand, now glancing through his field-glasses at the prospect opening to his view as the little body topped the rising ground, now studying his map, all the while keeping a watchful eye on the doings of the mounted troops in his front. Some two hundred yards or so in front of the Brigadier the advanced party of the Highlanders could be seen marching, only their rear sections showing through the white dust, and away beyond them again cavalry were to be seen steadily pushing on, here in small groups, there in larger masses, while as they descended the hill to Rumilly a battalion of mounted infantry came into view, moving at a walking pace along the high ground on the north side of the stream running through that village. In Rumilly itself the Geneva Cross was flying over the little white-washed town-hall, showing that wounded were housed there, and indeed surgeons in French uniforms could be seen passing the windows. In the street a number of country carts were standing in a row, the purpose for which they had been used being plainly shown by the blood-stained straw with which they were filled. The drivers of these carts scowled sullenly at the

passing troops, a form of salutation in which they were joined by such of the inhabitants as were visible. Higher up the street, again, on the far side of the stream, there was another string of carts from which a number of French wounded, chiefly infantry-men, so far as Walter could see at that distance, were being tenderly lifted into the houses by peasants and other helpers in civilian dress, many of the latter wearing the Geneva Cross.

Captain Nugent, the Brigade-Major, reined back his horse and spoke to Walter. "We seem to have punished the enemy rather severely this morning, Desmond; at any rate they have suffered a great deal more heavily than we have. I fancy they were out-numbered on the whole; and a delaying action of that nature against superior forces is always apt to be a costly business, unless the country is specially suited to it."

Walter ventured to ask if anything was known as to the intended movements of the Brigade. "We are not going very far," replied Nugent. "I fancy the Commander-in-Chief wishes to close up a bit, and to get his base on this side well supplied before striking out. To-night we are to bivouac, so far as this Brigade is concerned, between Dohem and Maisnil; which means that we have only five or six more miles to march. We are to follow the road along the river Aa, this stream beside us now, as far as Fauquembergues, where we get on to the main road to St. Omer. This looks like an alteration in the plans. We only know what old Browne tells us, which is precious little. The General told me half an hour ago that a division had been landed somewhere near Calais, to mask the garrison, I suppose, and that a fleet of transports were showing themselves off Havre to make a feint in that direction. The

command of the sea gives us an enormous pull in a case like this."

"The enemy seem to have gone altogether now," said Walter.

"Yes, I fancy they have fallen back on their main body. I shouldn't be much surprised if we had some really hot business to-morrow."

While they were thus chatting the Brigadier suddenly turned in his saddle and signed to Walter to approach. "You are to ride back to Enquin, find the Brigade Transport and tell the officer in charge that he may push on now. He is to join the Brigade on the plateau to the east of Avroult, between Dohem and Maisnil, according to the orders he received this morning. We are getting on much faster than I expected, so the quicker he can come on the better. It will be more comfortable for everyone to get the transport up as soon as we can. Do you know the way?" Walter produced his map and showed that he understood the situation. "Very good, then be off at once." Walter needed no second bidding, but turned his horse's head, and, quitting the dusty road, cantered off briskly across the fields on his mission.

#### CHAPTER XI.

As he reached the high ground the breeze blew freshly on his back, and he reined up for a moment to enjoy it, and also to look out for his landmarks and make certain of his exact position and the direction in which he was to ride. On his left was the Bois de Verchocq, a wood of considerable extent; beyond it he could see the kite, now at a great height, rising slightly at each stronger gust, dropping slowly at every lull. On his left front lay the smouldering ruins of Herly and Avesnes. To his front lay Wicquinghem, while the poplar lined high road connecting the two,

which bore on its white surface many signs of the morning's combat in the forms of dead men and horses and abandoned waggons, crossed his path a short distance before him. On every side of him troops were on the march, their progress marked by the rolling clouds of dust; and at intervals the gusts brought to his ears faint strains of the music of their bands or of the more plaintive bagpipes. A glance round was sufficient to show Walter his way, so without further delay he headed straight across the stubble fields, riding parallel to the main road connecting Wicquinghem with Enquin, his destination.

His course took him close to the scenes of all the fighting which he had witnessed that morning. The dead were still lying where they had fallen, but the wounded had all been removed, a number apparently being accommodated at a large isolated farm, over which the Geneva Cross was already flying. As Walter rode past, he noticed several white-tilted ambulance-waggons drawn up in the shade of one of the barns, the men in charge busy throwing clean straw into them. Further on, between Hucqueliers and the Bois Noel, from which his men had fired their first shots that morning, on topping some rising ground, he came upon a strange procession. In front an officer in the blue serge jacket of the Staff with its red gorget rode at a walking-pace, his cap cocked jauntily on one side, a cigar in his mouth, and a general air of contentment on his countenance. Behind him came some fifty peasants, mostly old men or lads of fifteen or sixteen, some carrying spades, others pickaxes, while the rear was brought up by four lancers, riding at ease, their lances swinging from their arms, their helmets pushed back from their foreheads, one man fanning himself with a large cabbage-leaf. The officer

waved his hand to Walter cantering past. "Cleaning up after you chaps," he shouted, with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder at the peasants. "A little burying-party; planting-fatigue I call it." Walter waved his hand in reply to the other's salutation; he now understood the meaning of the little procession.

As he rode on, he continued to meet on the road running below him column after column of troops. Here would come a long line of infantry, the battalions of the Fifth Division, the men striding manfully along in spite of the dense dust and the overpowering heat, their march in some cases enlivened by the music of their band or the drums and fifes; following them would come an ammunition column, a long string of transport-waggons, or a column of artillery; then more infantry, more waggons, more guns, and so on, in apparently interminable monotony. Walter was not close enough to the road for speech with the troops, as he preferred to push on without delay, but the officers would wave to him as he passed, and occasionally a mounted officer would ride out of the throng to ask for news from the front, all being anxious as to the meaning of the firing which had been plainly audible during the greater part of the morning. To all questions Walter gave what information he could as he trotted on, explaining that it was only a case of a little fighting on the part of the advanced troops, and that the French were everywhere falling back without offering a serious resistance. At last he saw the blackened ruins of the mill which had been set on fire early that morning by the shells of the enemy, and recognised that he must be about to enter Enquin. He made his way therefore on to the crowded road, on the look out for the bridge by which the guns had crossed that morning,

being now compelled to pull up into a walk, and meeting with still further delay in the constant questions which he was asked by the passing troops.

As he crossed the bridge, after numerous delays, and came within view of the little cluster of cottages and farms dignified with the name of Enquin, he noticed at once that it had clearly become for the time being a place of some importance. Outside one of the larger cottages a group of Staff-Officers were lounging, some sitting on the ground, others leaning against the walls, some busy checking over returns or scribbling entries on official-looking papers, others idly watching the passing troops. Over this cottage flew a blue flag with a white cross on it, indicating that it was for the time being the abode of the Quarter-Master General of the Second Corps. Some military police, in their familiar blue uniforms with scarlet facings, lazily promenaded the street, keeping the side next to this cottage free of traffic. A little higher up the street an armed guard of infantry and a number of military police were standing, having under their charge some twenty prisoners, apparently peasants, in the familiar blue blouse of the country. As Walter glanced at this group, one of the prisoners detached himself from his comrades, and, a policeman on each side of him, disappeared within the cottage.

Walter made his way to the group of Staff-Officers, and, reining up his horse, asked for information as to the whereabouts of the Transport Officer of the Twelfth Brigade. A smart young fellow with the white facings of the Army Service Corps, who had been watching the passing troops, turned his head at Walter's question and informed him that the officer he wanted was inside with the Quarter-Master General. "He'll be

out in a moment; he's only getting some details about roads and time-tables. You see, since the arrangements have been altered and the Third Corps doubled up into the Fourth, a lot of changes have had to be made, as the Fourth Corps transport has overlapped on to the roads set apart for the First Corps, and they have been poaching on us. Oh, it's the very devil, I can tell you." He cast a critical eye over Walter and his horse. "You must have come quickly, to judge by your nag; no one could guess at his real colour. Bye-the-bye, do you know you have cast a shoe, the near fore?" This was bad news, but Walter dismounted to verify the information, and found that it was true enough. "Oh, it's all right," went on the young transport-officer. "You'll find a field-forge round that corner, past where those horses are waiting. Take him there, and you'll get a shoe on in a few minutes. Here, I'll come with you."

Off accordingly the two started, Walter's new friend chattering away all the time. "I suppose you will have seen some of the fighting this morning? Lucky chap! I hear it was pretty hot while it lasted. Did you hear that one of the regiments in the Eleventh Brigade had two companies smashed up, clean as a whistle, by the French cavalry? I call it rather disgraceful myself. It appears that the beggars were so busy firing at some artillery that they never spotted the cavalry till they were bang on top of them at a thousand miles an hour. Oh, they caught it right enough. They say that another company lost their heads for a moment, and that there was devilish nearly being a bit of a panic; but they were rallied all right, and scored off the cavalry in the end. I heard some of our cavalry officers, who are lying



wounded at the field hospital on the far side of the village at this moment, say that the French were devilish well handled. One of them told me that they were every bit as good as our chaps, but that we scored over them in having the mounted infantry and Maxims to back us up. Here we are. Now, then, farrier-sergeant, this officer's horse has to be shod at once, near fore. Six horses before him, are there? Well, you must jolly well do it as quick as you can and send him round to the Q.M.G.'s office when ready."

The field-forge was busy in the little back-yard of one of the cottages. The farrier-sergeant and his assistants, their jackets thrown off, and in one or two cases stripped to a thin jersey, were hard at work, streaming with perspiration. The forge-waggon had been backed into the far corner of the yard, the horses had been taken out and were fastened to a ring in the wall, stamping their feet, whisking their long tails, and satisfying their hunger on a bundle of sweet-smelling hay. A fire was glowing in the little forge itself, the bellows worked energetically by a young peasant, a boy of some fourteen or fifteen years of age, who seemed to have made good friends with the invaders, while a number of other peasants were sitting on the wall, watching the smiths at their work and chattering the while in a patois quite unintelligible to the Englishmen. A few troopers were sitting smoking in the shade holding the horses waiting to be shod, and to one of these men Walter confided his own animal. This done, with strict injunctions to bring the horse round as soon as possible, Walter and his friend hurried back to the Quarter-Master General's office, where he was lucky enough to find the officer he sought just issuing from the door,

his arms full of papers and an exceedingly worried expression on his face.

Walter delivered the Brigadier's message. "Not a bit of use," answered Burton, the Brigade Transport officer; "nothing but troops and ammunition-columns are to go to the front before six this evening. No transport can be allowed on the roads before then. There has been some alteration in the plans at Headquarters, in consequence of something they have learnt about the French I suppose, and our roads have been encroached on by the First Corps. Consequently all our plans are upset. I have parked our waggons in a field outside the village, just beyond the churchyard. I am going now to issue orders to hook on at six p.m. Tell the Brigadier there is not the ghost of a chance of our getting into camp till nine or ten o'clock this evening. Bye-bye." With this Burton beckoned to a waiting orderly leading his horse; he handed the orderly his papers while he climbed lazily in his saddle, and presently jogged off towards his waggons, calling out to Walter as he went, "A transport-officer's life is not a happy one."

The young officer to whom he had been speaking now addressed him again. "Well, you've got at least half-an-hour to wait, so you'd better sit here in the shade; unless you'd like something to eat. There is a little *cabaret* a few doors off, where they are quite civil."

The chance of some food was not to be neglected, so Walter and Macartney, as his new friend was named, went off to seek refreshment together. The *cabaret* was a little low-roomed cottage, filled to suffocation with stragglers from the army. All sorts and conditions of men were swarming round the dirty deal tables, drinking the sour wine or the coffee,



the only liquids available, and gnawing hungrily at crusts of evil-looking bread. After a few minutes' delay Walter succeeded in getting a tumbler full of steaming black coffee and a hunch of bread. Macartney supplied himself with the same refreshment. "This is the third go I've had this morning," he admitted; "but they tell me you can't be too careful about regular stoking on service. I'm laying up a reserve stock against hard times, I tell 'em."

Carrying off their spoil in triumph, the two went back to the shade of the cottage where they had met, having to make their way as best they could between the sections of the passing troops, covering their glasses with the hunches of bread to keep out the insidious dust. As he stretched himself out in the shade and sipped his coffee, Walter felt that the short rest was by no means unwelcome.

"Did you notice those prisoners," asked Macartney, whose tongue was never still for a moment, "those chaps dressed like peasants outside the Provost-Marshall's office, that cottage there? They say those beggars will all be shot, as spies of sorts. Two of them, they found, had arranged a telegraph in their houses. The government wires about here are all underground, and our chaps couldn't find out where they were laid. For some reason or other they searched all the houses, and in two houses they found regular instruments fixed up, and those beggars wiring full details about our troops to the enemy. They collared them at once, and since they've been searching everywhere for more games of the sort. One of the chaps was caught in a wood; he had picked up the underground wire, connected it up with an instrument, and was busy wiring all about us. They say they are all officers. Some beggars were bowled out with pigeons; they were

bringing them in their pockets down to Etaples, and doubtless would have let them go with as much news as they could carry. Those are officers too, they say; all disguised, of course. I think our chaps were devilish smart; I should never have thought of it. I've been stuck in this God-forsaken place since five this morning. I'm running the Eleventh Brigade transport. My Boss got his leg broken by a kick in disembarking; rough luck, wasn't it? Can't get on till this evening, so I've been using my eyes and ears, you know. Hullo, here comes Meredith. He's a Sapper, a ripping good sort, Telegraph-troop. Now we'll hear some news."

As he spoke a young fellow, his fair face burnt to a brick red by the sun and his uniform smothered in dust, trotted up from the direction in which lay the front. He threw the reins of his horse to an orderly, sprang lightly to the ground and ran into the cottage, nodding to Macartney as he passed. In a moment more he came out again and ran up the street to a house over which a blue flag with a large white diamond on it streamed out in the wind. Outside this cottage a number of cyclists were standing by their wheels. "That's the telegraph-office," said Macartney; "you see the wires running into it; he'll be back in a minute."

A war-correspondent, whom Walter had noticed in the *cabaret*, now joined them, and took up his position beside Macartney. "Not in the way, I hope? I must say the censorship is infernally strict; the public will be pretty sick about it. I've been twice to Etaples this morning, but couldn't get a wire off at all. I've had my stuff viséd all right, but the wires are too busy, they say. I believe we're all in the same box."

"There's an office there," said Walter; "did you try it?"

"Oh, not a bit of use. That's only for the troops. I did try it on, but got chucked very unceremoniously. Bye-the-bye, I've heard some news which may interest you. The fight between the Germans and the French was not at Mezières, as was first supposed, but at Cambrai, much nearer to us. There was some fighting at Mezières too, but it was indecisive and not of much importance, though it is said that the Germans got the best of it. But the big fight was at Cambrai, the day before yesterday, and appears to have been a victory for the Germans. I hear there were frightfully heavy losses on both sides, especially on the German side, but no figures have come through yet. Can either of you tell me anything of what has taken place this morning at the front?"

Walter gave the correspondent what information he could, and in his turn asked what was going on at Etaples.

"At Etaples? Oh, they're busy landing stores; they've got a lot of railway-plant there now. I believe there is an idea of a single-rail line, but they say it will not be laid now, as there is some talk of our shifting our base. I don't know what truth there is in it: one hears such rumours; but at any rate the plant is there, and they are not using it."

While he was speaking Meredith, the young Engineer officer, came out of the telegraph-office, and sauntered down the crowded street. Macartney hailed him: "Come and sit down, Meredith, and join the gay throng." Meredith threw himself on to the ground beside Walter. "I suppose I shall have to be off again in a few minutes, he said; 'I've had the devil's own time this morning. Those infernal natives have been playing the mischief with a lot of my poles, and we've had the line blocked no end of times. I had to wire to the

General for instructions, but I've fixed things now, I think. I've put a Frenchman sentry over every pole; went round with the Maire, or the Prefect or somebody; got the chaps' names, &c., put a policeman in charge of every section, and have warned the natives that if any pole is tampered with the chap in charge will be shot or hanged or something equally unpleasant. There have been no complaints since."

"You Sappers are the biggest hum-bugs out," said Macartney. "You've been swaggering for years about all you would do with wireless telegraphy and all the rest of it, and now that it's wanted you play your out-of-date wires on to us. Why don't you go in for the wireless game and save yourselves all this bother with poles and wires?"

The young Engineer laughed. "My boy, you'd better confine your remarks to what you understand. If you really want to know, the reason we are using the wire now is, first, that you can telegraph much more quickly with it, and secondly, that there is a risk of the messages sent in the new way being intercepted; besides there is all the bother of erecting conspicuous stations. When we push on a bit, we shall then use wireless telegraphy from the advanced dépôts to the base, and shall have a number of signalling stations. But the wire is to be used for the front all the time. Have you seen the proclamations?"

Walter was the only one who had not noticed them, so by Meredith's advice he got up and studied one fastened on the wall just above his head. It was printed in both French and English, and cautioned the inhabitants of the risk they would run by any interference with the operations of the invaders. All doors were to be left open and windows closed at

night in every village, except in the case of rooms occupied by wounded or troops, and lights were to be kept burning in every room. Men employed on forced labour, and inhabitants bringing provisions and forage were to be paid at specified rates; requisitions were to be instantly complied with; fines varying in amount were to be levied on offending villages, &c., &c. "It's all right enough, I suppose," said Walter, as he sat down again. "I wonder how our farmers and yokels would like that sort of treatment."

"By Jove," said Macartney, "they'd have had some experience of it by this time if it had not been for the fleet." Walter went on: "I don't quite see the object of the regulation about doors and windows and lights."

"That's to put a stop to anyone firing at our chaps by night from any of the houses. It is a good scheme, I think."

The three now relapsed into silence and sat for a few minutes watching the endless procession passing before them. The ammunition-columns of the Third Division were passing now, to the great indignation of Macartney who looked upon them as poachers on his particular property. The long lines of waggons were drawn by steam-motors, the horses required to draw them when crossing the country or hastening to the front, being now led in rear, their traces looped up ready to be hooked on at a moment's notice. Behind these another motor tugged along a large waggon on which was a little house like a bathing-box, painted red and bearing in large letters the inscription, *Electric Charging Station, 3rd Division, 1st Army Corps*. Other waggons were pulled along behind, carrying a quantity of curious-looking plant, which, Meredith informed

Walter, was the plant and dynamos for the electric-light projectors, for use as search-lights in case of night-attacks, and for night-signalling if necessary.

While they were watching the long train rumbling slowly past, the Sappers in charge sitting smoking and apparently enjoying life hugely, a commotion among the group of orderlies outside the telegraph-station attracted their attention. One of the numerous cyclists continually flitting past with despatches of various kinds had stopped at the office, calling out in a stentorian voice, "Telegrams for the Commander-in-Chief." Some of the men waiting outside ran into the building and in a minute one reappeared with a bundle of papers which were handed to the new arrival. At this moment several cyclists swept round the corner of the road leading from the direction of the sea, the flying dust rising in spurts from under their wheels and driving to leeward over the long train of waggons; and behind them a light motor-car rolled smoothly, filled with officers in the blue uniforms of the Staff. The Union Jack flying from a lance fastened to the back of this car showed that the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces was among its occupants, and as the officers and orderlies thronging the busy street recognised this, all sprang to their feet and stood to attention in silence. The cyclist outriders pedalled slowly down the street; the motor-car stopped for a moment outside the door of the telegraph-office; an officer took the bundle of telegrams from the waiting orderly; and then the car noiselessly started again, and in another moment passed Walter and the little group who stood at the salute under the shade of the Quarter-Master General's flag, and disappeared in the direction of Hucqueliers. Half a

dozen cyclists followed the car, and after them trotted briskly a long train of orderlies with led horses, an escort of Lancers, dusty and travel-stained, their sunburned faces looking keenly out from the shadow of their large grey helmets, clattering in the rear.

The whole party swept so quickly past that Walter had only a momentary glance at the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff, but that brief glance afforded him a picture which remained impressed on his memory for many a day. Behind the little front seat on which sat the Sapper managing the car, the leader of the British forces shared with an officer of his Staff a more commodious seat extending across the whole breadth of the vehicle. A large map was stretched before them in a frame, over which both the officer beside the General and one who was standing up behind him were bending. The Commander himself was sitting motionless, his square chin resting on one nervous hand, his sombre eyes fixed in an unseeing stare on the horizon, the brain behind those knitted brows doubtless absorbed with some tremendous problem. The dark powerful face, shadowed by the wide peak of the staff-cap, might have been cast in bronze; he heeded not, doubtless he never saw, the respectful salutes of the bystanders; patient, watchful, untiring, and relentless, he seemed to Walter's young enthusiasm the very ideal of a successful commander. Inscrutable in his plans, secret in his designs, hitherto ever successful, it was generally agreed even by those whom he had superseded that no better selection of a commander could have been made than this, a selection which had been imperiously demanded by the mass of the British people. In addition to these already mentioned some half-dozen other officers were in the car, which was shaped something

like the old-fashioned waggonette. Some of these were busy studying maps; one was hard at work writing in his note-book; another was busy tearing up telegrams and throwing the papers out into the road as if laying a scent for a paper-chase; while a third was dictating (in an even monotone which was clearly audible as the car and its occupants rolled past) to a staff-clerk who, with his type-writer, was perched in a sort of dicky at the back of the car.

As the Staff and its escort passed out of sight, our three friends resumed their seats in the now very exiguous shade of the cottage before which they had previously been resting. But Walter now began to fidget about his horse; it was over half an hour since he had left it at the forge, and there were no signs of its reappearance. Macartney volunteered to see if there was any chance of the shoe having been replaced, but came back in a minute with the news that the farrier could not possibly have it ready for another half-hour at the earliest. "It's a nuisance for you," he said, "but I'm rather glad of your company, you know. I'm the only idle chap about, so far as I can see."

"Very kind of you," answered Walter, "but I don't know what my chief will say to me for not getting back quicker."

"He can't blame you," said Meredith; "he wouldn't expect you to ruin a horse by riding him over this hard ground without a shoe. Besides, it's only a question of an hour or so after all. Hang it all, I'm off again!"

As he spoke a Sapper, breathless and bare-headed, came flying out of the telegraph-office and down the village street to where the little group was resting. He pulled up opposite Meredith: "A wire from Hucqueliers, sir, they can't get through to Manninghem."

"Confound them! All right, I'll look into it," and Meredith beckoned to the man holding his horse, and in another minute was mounted and clattering off on his mission.

The war-correspondent, who since the General had passed, had been busy writing, now closed his notebook with a snap and said: "Well, if anyone had told me five years ago that I should live to see a British General commanding an army in the field going about in a motor-car, I should have had no hesitation whatever in telling him that he was a lunatic. One lives and learns."

"I think it is rather a sound idea, myself," said Walter. "You see the horses are saved, so that they are fresh when wanted; and the General can have the map spread out before him, can read and write better than on horseback, and can carry food and supplies without any bother. Then if anything should break down, it is easy to call up the horses. You noticed they did not go fast, only some six or seven miles an hour, so the horses could easily keep up. Then I expect they have frequent halts at places for news, or to see what's going on, or something of that sort."

"Oh, I grant you it's sound enough. Of course, I know that the motor plan was tried at the Salisbury drills last year, though I did not see it myself, and I remember they all said it was successful. I haven't the least doubt that the French Staff use the same plan. Hullo, now we shall hear something; here comes Stacpoole of *THE ADVERTISER*; he has been on a visit to the right flank."

As he spoke, a slight, wiry man wearing the correspondent's badge, reined up his horse before them. "Been here long, Atkinson?" "Oh, about an hour and a half. Any news?" "Rather," said the newcomer, sliding to the ground from

his tired hack, which stood quietly with the reins lying loosely on its neck; his owner handed him over to one of the orderlies standing by, and threw himself on the ground beside his colleague. "There's lots of news; but it's of devilish little use to us, since we can't get a word through. I never saw correspondents worse treated. In the first place, the censor cuts all the fat out of your wire, and then the office tells you they are so full that it is out of the question to take any stuff in. I really don't know what the people in London will think. I should not be in the least surprised if my paper recalled me at any moment; the only thing in the way is that I don't see how they would get a message through to me."

"It's an infernal nuisance," acquiesced Atkinson; "and now we're not allowed any nearer the front than this. But what's your news? We had his Lordship through here not ten minutes ago."

"The deuce you had! Then I've no doubt it is as I was told by a youngster on the Staff of the Third Corps, and that the critical business will be on this flank. Well, as to my news. In the first place Montreuil surrendered soon after dawn this morning. I believe the threat of a bombardment with high explosives did the trick, but in any case the garrison was very small. Then news has come through Germany, wired on from home of course, that a terrible outbreak of plague among the Russian troops on the German frontier has put a stop to any operations there for the time being. The Germans have re-crossed their frontier, and contented themselves with severe quarantine measures. It's reported that the Russian armies have been broken up for sanitary reasons, and that there is already every probability of Russia making terms."

This was news, indeed, if true. The enormous advantage which it would give the British troops was obvious, for clearly, if Russia withdrew from the contest, France would be at the mercy of the Allies. Macartney was the first to speak. "If that's genuine, I fancy the General will be satisfied with playing for safety. Time will be on his side, you see. The only chance the French will have now is to give us a thundering good licking before the Germans can push on further, and then turn on them."

Atkinson professed not to be surprised at the news. "It is almost what I expected," he said. "When you consider that the Russians have had great masses of troops concentrated during all the recent hot weather, that smallpox and typhus were reported to have broken out among them weeks ago, that they are notoriously careless in sanitary matters, and that plague has been smouldering at Odessa and more than one of their southern ports for the last two years, it's not very surprising to hear that it has reached their camps."

"It's bad luck for the French at any rate," was Walter's opinion; "and it will spoil this campaign for another thing. The crop of brevets, D.S.O.'s and V.C.'s will be a bit smaller than some of us were thinking."

"Get out, you brutal and licentious soldier," laughed Macartney. "I sha'n't be at all sorry when this show is over; my job does not offer much chance of honour and glory. The only French I have seen have been either prisoners or poor devils of wounded. Ah, here comes your horse at last."

As Walter looked up he saw the farrier-sergeant, more grimy and sweaty than before, standing before

him, holding his horse by the rein. There was no further need for delay, and in a moment or two Walter, having bidden farewell to his companions, was once again in the saddle, and trotting gaily back towards Rumilly on the track of his Brigade.

## CHAPTER XII.

As before, thinking it the best plan to avoid the crowded roads, Walter struck boldly out across the country, taking the same route as he had followed in coming to Enquin. As he was jogging along, to his right and left the steady slow-moving columns rolling ever eastward under their white pall of dust, he was overtaken by a captain of Hussars, with a white surgical bandage showing beneath his bushy, who asked him in what direction he was going. Walter gave the required information. "In that case," said the cavalry-man, "we may as well ride together. My regiment is covering the advance of the Third Corps, and will probably be found somewhere close to your chaps."

"You've been damaged?" asked Walter, with a glance at the conspicuous bandage.

"Oh that's nothing," was the answer. "I got a slash over the head in a bit of a scrap we had this morning with some of the French cavalry; but I had it stitched at the ambulance, and I'm as right as rain now."

"What do you think of their cavalry?" asked Walter, ever anxious for information.

"I think they are a good deal better than any of us expected. They would have fairly held us, if it hadn't been for the mounted infantry and the Maxims. You see they have nothing of that sort, and more than once our fellows got the chance of a few rounds into them just as they



were charging ; you've no idea how they got knocked about. Their horse-artillery seemed to make quite as good shooting as ours, and to make better use of their ground ; I know they always seemed to get the first go. I think our guns move with more dash, and go quicker, but I think the French are, if anything, better handled. The mounted infantry did the guns some good turns this morning, and yesterday afternoon too. By Jove, they can shoot ! I would hardly have believed that a few rifles could have so much effect." After a minute he went on. "Of course, yesterday we were in superior force. Our landing must have been a complete surprise ; but this morning they had more mounted troops and more guns than we had. It was the mounted infantry pulled us through."

They trotted on, chatting as they went. Walter told his news, and the Hussar in return pointed out the different places where the cavalry combats of the morning had taken place, and showed the manner in which the British squadrons had worked their way from hill to hill, ever pushing the French eastwards before them. As they crossed the road between Hucqueliers and Maninghem they met Meredith, the Sapper, redder in the face and hotter than ever, about to start on his return journey to Enquin, having found out the reason of the fault in the Maninghem wire. "Not a hanging matter this time," he called out to Walter as he passed ; "an accidental fault. Good-bye and good luck to you."

As Walter crossed again the scene of that morning's fighting, he was surprised to see that already the principal signs of the struggle had been removed. Large working-parties of peasants, among whom were a few French prisoners, were busy filling in

the trenches into which the dead had been hastily shovelled ; even the dead horses had been put out of sight. A few military police and a cluster of Lancers kept the peasants to their work, and in the distance Walter recognised his loud-voiced acquaintance of the morning. Save for the incessant rumble of the heavy wagons along the hard roads and the clink of the shovels of the working-parties against the stones, all was still. No sound of firing was to be heard, and, from the direction in which the wind was blowing, it was certain that if there had been any firing in front the sound must have been carried to them. The kites, each with its solitary observer dangling beneath in his exalted but uneasy seat, had moved further forward, and here and there busy cyclists could be seen flitting beneath the poplars, carrying despatches between the different units of the invading army.

As they rode into Rumilly the clocks were striking four. The Geneva Cross was flying over many of the houses, ammunition-columns of the Second Corps were blocking the street, and ahead of them were standing the guns of the corps-artillery, among which Walter noticed a battery of the stumpy, queer-looking howitzers, surely in appearance the low comedians of artillery ; but when they begin to speak, it is another matter. In the street Walter noticed a cyclist, busy pasting up copies of the proclamation which he had read at Enquin, a cluster of villagers surrounding him and reading aloud the placards as they appeared to view. The country people, Walter thought, already appeared less sullen and more curious. A tobacco-shop was open, and the proprietor appeared to be doing a thriving business to judge from the numerous artillerymen, who passed and repassed each other in his narrow doorway.

The officers seemed to make no objection to these little excursions on the part of their men, clearly not anticipating an early move forward. Walter and the Hussar pushed their way slowly through the block of traffic, till they emerged at length on to the high ground on the north side of the river. Here they found their path clear of troops, who were thickly crowded along the high road beneath them, along which really lay their route to Dohem through Fauquembergues. However it was easy to follow the line of the valley, keeping along the crest of the heights, and before long the village of Fauquembergues itself lay in the valley before them. The narrow street along which this village straggled was crowded with the infantry battalions of the Eleventh Brigade, which Walter was able to recognise from the double badge borne by the men of the Royal Fusiliers. As the column had evidently only just halted, he pushed on, certain that his own Brigade must be close at hand; but as no one could give him any information on this score, so soon as they were clear of the head of the column the two men trotted on, expecting to find their friends at Dohem. The Brigade they had passed resumed its march almost at once, the band of the leading battalion striking with a crash into *John Peel*. "By Jove," said the Hussar, "it would be safe to bet that these villagers had never heard *John Peel* before. What a good march it is!" As they rode on they could for some little time hear the fitful strains of the old English air, now swelling into distinctness, again dying away into silence. As they mounted the hill towards Avroult, they came upon the bearer-company bringing up the rear of the Twelfth Brigade. In front of the company rattled the ammunition-carts, and now a gust of wind brought to Walter's

ears, over the rattle of the cart-wheels, the cheerful marching music of *Garry-owen*. There could be no doubt about it; he had found his destination at last, and he trotted on with a lighter heart, the Hussar following him, hoping that he too would soon hit upon his regiment.

Soon Walter was trotting past the familiar faces of his own battalion, which was striding along with a step as free and easy as if it had only just marched out of barracks, instead of having been on the move, more or less, for over ten hours. Walter reined up for a moment as he passed Carstairs to hurriedly tell his news, which his captain received with open incredulity, and then jogged on again to deliver his message to his Brigadier. The Brigade, strung out into column of route, covered somewhere about a mile and a half of road, and it was not till he had passed through the village of Avroult that he overtook his General as he turned his horse from the high road into the track leading across the fields to the ground between Dohem and Maisnil on which the Brigade was to bivouac. Walter explained the reason of his long delay, and delivered the message he had received from the transport-officer, which the General heard with anything but pleasure. However, it could not be helped; it would be necessary to make the best of the situation, and at least the men had enough food in their haversacks to carry them on.

The Hussar now took his departure and rode on alone to search for his regiment, which the Brigadier had last seen moving eastward along the high ground above Fauquembergues. Soon the camping-ground, or bivouac rather, was reached, and the two leading battalions were sent on to take up an outpost line, as orders had been received that no further advance was to be made that day. One bat-

talion was to rest its left on the river Aa with its centre on Cl  ty, while the other was to stretch down to the river Lys on its right, and join hands with the left battalion on the high ground above the Bois d'Enfer. These dispositions, which were carefully inspected by the Brigadier with Walter in his train, were soon completed, and the front being thus secure, the General and his little Staff returned to the bivouac-ground, now occupied with the weary men of the Ulster Fusiliers and the Cumberland Regiment. Both corps had piled arms, guards had already been mounted, fatigue-parties were on their way to the nearest farms for water and any provisions which might be obtainable, and everyone was bent on making himself as comfortable for the time being as circumstances would allow. In the Fusiliers' lines orderly sergeants of companies were standing in rather a limp row before the adjutant, who was giving out the situation of the alarm-posts, the hour for the inspection of feet, for the mounting of inlying pickets, and the numerous other details which fell within his province. The other officers were lying on their backs, mostly smoking, all frankly tired. As one of them said to Walter: "It isn't so much the marching, you gilded popinjay of the Staff, which tires one; we haven't done so much marching to-day after all; it's the confounded halts. The getting up and marching a little, then the sitting by the road and getting stiff again; that's what plays the deuce with one. I wasn't half as tired when we were marching ten minutes ago as I am now." And all the others made the same complaint.

Walter was now ordered by the Brigade-Major to go round all the battalions of the Brigade and get their lists of casualties during the day, including men who had fallen out on

the march, a task which kept him well employed till dusk. When he returned, his hands full of the rolls of casualties with which each corps had provided him, some happily in blank, he found that the Brigadier had established his headquarters in a farm-house by the side of the road, where he appeared to be very comfortably settled. The farmer appeared reconciled to the situation (consoled, no doubt, by the knowledge that it would not be unremunerative), and he and his wife and daughter were busy making coffee and cooking a pair of fowls for the benefit of their unbidden guests. When Walter entered the great kitchen of the farm, cheerful with its red-tiled floor and the display of bright-coloured crockery on the shelves of the great oaken dresser, he found his Chief and Nugent busy with a type-written sheet of orders which had just been brought by a cyclist from the headquarters of the Division. The General was standing reading aloud by the open window, his glasses on his nose, for the light was slowly fading, while Nugent, a map spread out before him, was attentively listening. Over the fire the farmer's wife and her daughter were busy with their cooking, from which a very savoury smell rose to the young aide-de-camp's nostrils as he entered the room. Walter saluted, and handed his returns to Nugent who placed them on one side, while the General went on reading aloud: "At the spot where the roads from Fauquembergues to Coyecques and Avroult to Audinethun cross. The outposts of the Division will be furnished from the Twelfth Brigade, and will include the eastern boundary of the Bois Quartier, continuing in a northerly and westerly direction as shown on the tracing attached. The Eleventh Brigade will bivouac between the post-office on the Fauquembergues road and the cross-roads. The Divi-

sional headquarters will be at the Ferme de la Forêt. These movements will be carried out without delay."

General Hippius laid down his paper and wiped his glasses, glancing pathetically at the fowls, already nearly cooked, which were being prepared for his supper. "It's an infernal nuisance, Nugent, but we must move at once. Just scribble an order for Desmond to take to the battalions on outposts. While he is gone you can get the others underway, and I will jog down to the cross-roads and wait for you there."

"Better have some supper first, sir," said Nugent; "Desmond and I will get the orders out." He scribbled an order on a page of his notebook, tore it out and handed it to Desmond. "Here, better get a fresh horse; you'll find another of Vincent's outside. Take this as quick as you can to the Colonel of the Border Rifles; get him to initial it; go on to the Highlanders; see it is initialled there too; and then come back and report to me here. I shall probably have to send you on to find the baggage and let them know our bivouac's been altered."

Walter, taking the note from him, ran out and shouted for an orderly. One of the men lounging in the shadow of the old house came forward to him. "Bring me Mr. Vincent's other horse as quickly as you can. Hurry!" The man ran off and in half a minute brought back the horse, a fine chestnut all ready for the road. Walter, with regretful thoughts of the chicken and coffee, swung himself into the saddle and cantered off towards Dohem.

It was now nearly eight o'clock; the sun had set, and with it the wind had fallen to a gentle breeze. Towards the west the red glow of sunset still lingered, but in the east heavy banks of clouds were gathering

over the dark blue of the sky; the air was decidedly colder, and there was every appearance of a change in the weather. On his right as he left the farm, he could see his battalion and the men of the Cumberland Regiment lying in groups on the ground, smoking and trying to rest themselves after the labours of the day. Laughter and snatches of conversation came to his ears as he hurried past; clearly the men were in good spirits. In Dohem, which was occupied by a cavalry regiment, he found a scene of bustle and confusion. The regiment, which had evidently just been dismissed to their billets, was hurriedly falling in again. Horses were being led from every barn and stable (Dohem is only a collection of farm-houses and cottages), and the regiment was being formed up in the street, the men standing to their horses' heads. A few of the officers, already mounted, were trotting up and down, looking for their commands in the dusk which was accentuated by the numerous lights in the windows of all the houses. Walter was sharply challenged as he entered the village and again as he quitted it, but, though no countersign had as yet been announced, he had no difficulty in satisfying the sentries as to his right to pass. No one else took any notice of him, and in a minute or two he was clear of the crowded street, and able to swing along in a steady canter.

In the gathering darkness he thought it best to keep to the roads, and soon the dark shadow of the Bois d'Enfer, rising on his left hand, told him that he had nearly reached the headquarters of the Border Rifles. As he clattered down the road he was again brought to a halt by a sentry who stepped out into the road from the shadow of the trees which had concealed

him. Walter reined up his horse. "Where's your Commanding Officer?" he asked. "He's with the supports, in the wood, sir," was the answer. While they were speaking two other men stepped out of the darkness and joined the sentry. "Wait here a minute, sir," said one of them, "and I'll tell the Colonel you wish to see him. You couldn't ride into the wood." The man was gone in an instant, and Walter sat quietly on his horse, in front of him the white road stretching away to Théroutan at the bottom of the valley, on his right hand the outbuildings of some farms, still and apparently deserted, on his left the wood, from which he felt that many curious eyes were watching him.

After a short delay, during which the sentry who had originally challenged him stood motionless barring his further advance, the crackling of the undergrowth under hasty steps announced the approach of several men on foot. One of these came up to Walter, peering up at him as he sat on his horse, his figure outlined darkly against the sky. "You have a message for me?" he said. "I am Colonel Bolton." Walter handed him the note he had received from the Brigade-Major, and the Colonel moving back into the shadow of the wood, studied the message by the light of a lantern which an officer held behind him. Scribbling his initials on it he gave it back to Walter, saying: "You might tell the Brigadier it will take me quite half an hour to get my battalion on the move. I will start as quickly as possible. Good-night." Walter saluted, turned his horse, and clattered off to deliver his message to the Highlanders, a task which he safely accomplished, finding the headquarters of that battalion in the little cluster of farms and cottages dignified by the name of Cléty.

This duty over he turned his horse's head once more towards Dohem, which he now found deserted by troops save for a small cavalry picket at the northern entrance to the village. The sentry belonging to this picket challenged him, walking his horse out to meet him, his carbine held at the ready, and refused to let Walter pass till the sergeant in charge of the little party had scrutinised him by the light of a lantern. Walter informed the group that it was probable that the retiring infantry would shortly pass through the village, some at any rate being certain to come that way, and cautioned the sentry to avoid firing and giving an unnecessary alarm. The sergeant re-assured him on this point. "We are expecting the infantry, sir," he said, "so there is no risk of our letting off at them. We are only to wait here till they have passed, when we go on to pick up the rest of the regiment at Forkemberg, or some such name. We got no warning about you coming back, sir, which accounts for your being stopped. Good-night, sir."

Walter gave his horse his head once more and cantered on through the village, now in darkness, while here and there the cloaked figure of a horseman, standing motionless in the shadows, guarded against any attempt at an outbreak on the part of the inhabitants. The lights were still burning in the farm-house where he had left the General, and at the threshold Walter found Nugent awaiting his arrival, an orderly standing outside holding a couple of horses. Nugent welcomed him back. "Come in and have something to eat. You've time enough to punish that chicken, and there's a bowl of coffee for you;" and he led the way into the cheerful kitchen. Walter needed no second bidding, but seated himself at the table and began his supper, while

Nugent walked up and down the room, talking the while. "Your chaps and the Cumberlands were infernally sick at being moved again. They weren't long getting under way though. It's a nuisance that we weren't allowed to start a lamp-signal station to connect us with the outposts. The General would not allow it; I mean Browne commanding the Division. I asked him about it on our way here, but there was some fear that the lamps might be spotted and give away our position. It would have saved you a ride. The Brigadier has ridden on with your fellows. He took a roast chicken with him in his wallets; he could quite well have eaten it here, but got a bit fussy. We shall have

rain before morning I think; it seems clouding up for it. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they are afraid of a night attack; that would account for our being closed up so. The Field-Marshal doesn't want to lose his grip on the railway, though he's trying to edge off to his left to join hands with the Germans; but the railway is his first consideration. Where is it! Oh, to the south; it runs along the valley of the river, la Ternoise they call it; it's the main line between Etaples and Arras. Finished! Good; come along, then, I've squared up with the old lady. *Bon soir, Monsieur, bon soir, Madame.*" With these words Nugent went out into the night, while Walter followed him, feeling like a giant refreshed.

(To be continued.)



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